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AMERICA'S DAY-DREAM *By Lovell Thompson*

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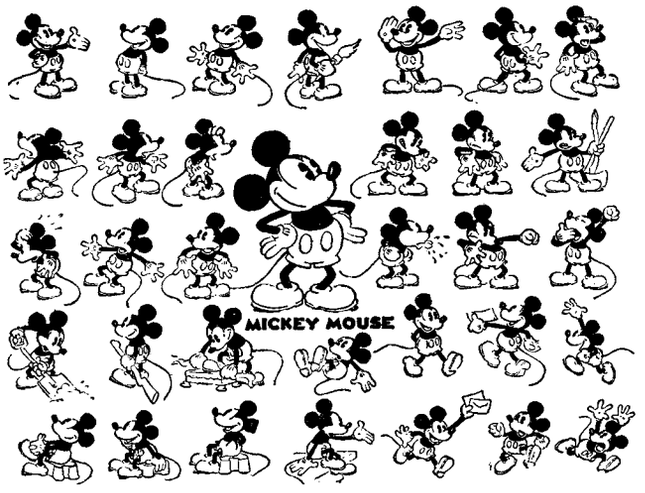
America's Day-Dream

BY
LOVELL THOMPSON



MICKEY MOUSE—*From "America as Americans See It" (Harcourt, Brace), courtesy of Walt Disney Studios.*

THE funnies are the doodles of a nation. They represent the little hopeless moment, the vacant habitual day-dream. People read the funnies before taking up, or after setting down, the day. Thus, as post-war hope is followed by pre-war disillusion on the outside front page, the weary and the puzzled turn to the inside back page, where a right that is less than might still lingers in the comic strips.

It follows that no one ever grows old in the funnies. They are for stopping time, not for recording it. Like your picture of yourself, the people of the comic strips are all arrested at some classic age. In this suspended world where time-out lasts forever, the shadows of sleeping hopes and fears move in silence, making the gestures of noise. Boxed America is very clear here on the inside back page; its longing for its lost frontier, its retreat into the womb of history, its avoidance of the immediate future, its yearning for a magical and companionable little animal that has the answers to all the questions, like Popeye's Jeep.

Day-dreams bear a consistent relation to reality. The child with a tremendous interest in toy soldiers does not become a Napoleon but he may become a war correspondent. The boy who loved the sea will grow up to sell trans-Atlantic steamship tickets. Just so do the funnies bear a kind of relation to what will satisfy America.

America is boxed; that's what makes her day-dream, and that's what makes her doodling important. If you can read the automatic writing on the wall, you can see that America is less boxed than the rest of the world. America is fumbling for the combination; the rest of the world is looking on. That fumbling is what you see in the funnies.

The next thing to do, then, is to look over the progress of the comics in the last quarter-century. In the first place, like gun-powder, the comic-strip was invented for children but is now used for grownups as well. Besides this primary bit of progress, there has been movement in other directions—graphic technique, draughtsmanship, dramatic technique, subject matter, and, above all, quantity. In some of these trends the comic has paralleled in a significant way the more legitimate arts. Furthermore, being a new field, it has not been subject to any restraining tradition.

The comic strip is a sort of still movie. Motion is one of the terms of its existence; so the depicting of motion has been a major preoccupation, and we have grown to accept without thought all sorts of lurid symbols in place of action and in place of sound. In the business of motion, the comics had the movies to compete with, and since obviously the comics could not outdo the movies in reality, they were driven to outdoing them in unreality. So it happens that in the funnies nobody falls without stunning himself; no one runs that you do not hear the swish of his enormous speed; no one packs a wallop that is not equal to the kick of all the forty borax mule teams—a wallop that could be packed in nothing smaller than a circus tent.

How does one recognize the heroic proportions of the events that take place in the world of the inside back page? You know a man is out and not asleep when he has "x's" where his eyes ought to be. On the other hand, when a man sleeps, he sleeps with a soundness beyond the power of human effort to rouse. How is this known? By the fact that a saw appears above his head buzzing deep into a billet of wood. How is the forty-mule-team wallop depicted? At the center of the blow, all substance vanishes and only radiating lines appear; this gives the idea but what drives it home is the meaningless syllable POW that has leapt into the neighboring air. The funnies have invented or fostered many other impressive spellings of commonly heard sounds. Oink, wham, oof, ye-eow, arf, bam, tsk.... When a man speaks his words appear in a balloon that issues from his mouth, but when he only thinks, that balloon has a wavy outline. On devices such as these, the comics laid the foundation of their mighty extravaganza.

Once man waited for Sunday to have time to traffic with a funny page. Then at the very end of the news—showing how ashamed even the yellowest sheet was of its weakness—there began to appear in the dailies a comic strip. Not a whole page, of course—just a single line of pictures. How that weed on the inside back page spread! Filling the unused pasture on the second from the end and spreading onto the third from the end.

When that transition from the Sunday to the daily had been made, the problem of the comic strip artist became more intricate and more entertaining. Soon he found it wearisome to cram one wisecrack neatly into four boxes every day, so he started to carry his incidents over from day to day. At that point, the game played in those boxes on the inside back grew up from checkers into chess. The ballad could now become an epicycle. A cycle that might last a lifetime, a story that might outlive its narrator and be passed on to a favorite son who would take up the tale where it was dropped. The time element was the really new thing. It was preposterous. You had a phrase a day but there was no other time limitation. A man sat down to listen to you and when your drama was over, if it had been long, it might be his grandchildren who got up and left the theater. With an opportunity like that, no wonder that the queue of

Next Week

ROOSEVELT—AND THEN?
By STANLEY HIGH
Reviewed by Duncan Aikman

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT IN CENTRAL EUROPE
By M. W. FODOR
Reviewed by Eugene Lyons

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bards on the inside back spread over onto the third from the end.

This comic suspense that may not end even with death has freed the funnies of the necessity for sterile haste. Their day-dream may drift farther and farther from fact; for they need never wake up. So the comic strips have ranged up and down the scale of probabilities, cherishing into new life the old tall story. The enormous looniness of the comic strip characters encroaches day by day on reality, eroding foolish truth with their kind romancing, realer to us than Venus was to Paris.

The chief limitation, since the comics have found means to make us smell and hear and feel and taste with words and symbols that heighten sensation beyond the power of Webster, is again one of time, and this has fostered the funnies in their growth as tenderly as any of their new freedoms. In order to make you drop out the intervening day and night and start each phrase with the memory of the words of 24 hours ago fresh in mind, the characters and the events have to be at once sufficiently removed from reality not to be confused with it, and sufficiently defined to leave a bruise that will still be sore to the touch twenty-four hours later.

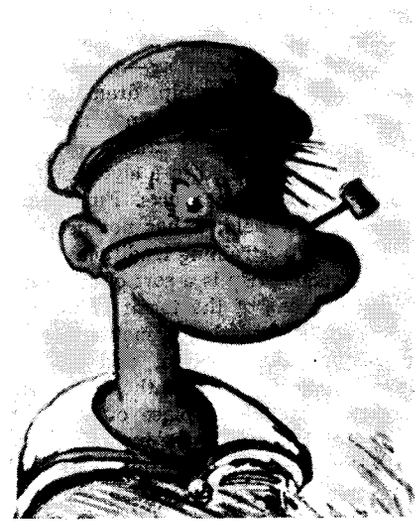
So the comics move in a world completely their own—a sphere that makes better gazing than any crystal, and throws a shadowy light on every side of human activity.

The arena of art is strewn with dead and dying giants, among these the massive forms of Picasso, Eliot, and Joyce. New performers find it difficult to move with freedom while the stage is thus encumbered. The anxious voices of newer men sound a little shrill and frightened. The only man in sight who does not betray the self-distrust of a transitional figure is Mickey Mouse: an odd person skipping about among the corpses and therefore worth examination. How is it that Mickey has succeeded where so many apparently better men have failed? Mickey has got where he is not so much by virtue of being great art as by having the answers to all the questions great art cannot answer. Mickey is like a Henry James American among a bunch of continentals: the fine simplicity of his logic out-subtles all the professional serpents, and he comes home generally without the bacon but with self-respect intact.

Mickey has taken advantage of civilization. Since he is mechanically so elaborate, he doesn't have to be elaborate metaphysically. He is the first product of America's blending civilizations; he draws on the virtues of each. Mickey is what happened when the Connecticut Yankee met a Katchina; Walt Disney is only the corner where they met. Or perhaps it is black Africa rather than red New Mexico that has most to do with Mickey, for Mickey and the bedtime stories owe much to Brer Rabbit and, as everybody knows, Brer Rabbit came to America on a slave ship. Like jazz, Mickey is voodoo on wheels. Art is following music down the heady road to miscegenation. As the first child of its strange three-cornered marriage, America embraces Mickey.

Mickey is incapable of the pose of Hamlet. With the single-mindedness of fanaticism, he is bent on being cock-eyed. He doesn't feel the necessity for self-explanation. The hopeless alcoholic feels the need of explaining his pink elephant, but the pink elephant himself does not explain. That is the way with Mickey. That is the leap from Joyce to Disney.

It is interesting to observe how the comics in making this transition have paralleled the movement of much of current American literature. Remember Mickey's triumph is his reasonable, his *necessary* primitiveness. He had to draw on the frightened rhythms of primitive rituals and touch the totems of two races to life to achieve this, and when he had, he had found something that deeply satisfied America.



POPEYE: *Drawn by E. C. Segar (Courtesy King Features Syndicate.)*

Mickey may hold the lead at the turn; but there are others behind that show the race in all its stages, and whose wind may yet prove superior to that of the mouse. The search for the apparently necessary primitive goes on in many corners. The funnies have turned back along the road America has been traveling in search of the place where she missed the turn. Both the funnies and the writers have been ransacking history side by side in search of a quick road ahead; this is the reason for the interest in regionalism, for most regionalism is an arrested condition of history—a kind of Lost World—preserved generally in alcohol. For example, the Kentucky mountains, representing pre-Revolutionary America, are now popular.

Mickey is primitive in physique but also his posture as hero is a primitive one. In her ransacking of the past, America clings pathetically to the strong men she uncovers. In the dear dark days of the early comics, a strip known as "That Son-in-Law of Pa's" displayed the trials of an unromantic American father named Lemuel Splutterfuss. He is husband to a much larger, social climbing American mother; he is father to a tall and beautiful daughter; and father-in-law to a good-for-nothing Englishman whose only possession is a very broad A. The set-up is clear. Pa is always victimized; his only ally is his Chinese man-servant. What is Splutterfuss doing today to earn his board and keep on the inside back? He's spent the summer battling the Ku Klux Klan and saving a backward southern town from its lower self. Pa has become a Santa Claus and a hero. Then there is Skeezix, the only person who ever grew up in the funnies. He has developed from a rather picaresque baby into a smarter-than-you hero. Again, there is Barney Google, a post-war scapegoat and opportunist. Alas poor Google! He has been obliged to sponsor Snuffy Smith, a Kentucky moonshiner. Google was a tragi-comic character, but Snuffy is a hero with all a hero's trappings. Snuffy's trappings are as fixed as are the owl and shield of Minerva. They consist of a broken-down Kentucky Colonel hat, a corn-cob pipe, and a rifle borrowed from James Fenimore Cooper. Snuffy's attitudes are Greek in their profundity and their rigidity. So the funnies have plucked out of our more primitive past the hero. Mickey has plenty of company in this respect and America must be badly in need of strong men when she must mobilize Lem Splutterfuss. No wonder Hemingway's Harry Morgan has come along; but he's come too late and not far enough. Snuffy and Lem are standing shoulder to shoulder in the breach—and a gallon of corn between them. And out in front of them with only a can of spinach for dutch courage is the super hero—Popeye.

Popeye is worth pausing over; for he is Mickey's most serious rival. Popeye's name may be just indicative of the thyroid trouble that makes him manic. If so, his symptom is in his name and not in his face, for he is not pop-eyed. Popeye is just a hard-boiled sailor man, very close to Liverpool Jarge. His reputation is based on the fact that he always eats his spinach and never loses a fight.

Popeye's Jeep is an animal from the heart of Africa. He is pure magic, can vanish, and foretell the future. He looks like a pocket okapi but he has a long tail and plantigrade feet. When he was being prominently featured last summer, you could buy Jeep-shaped balloons at Liggett's, along with all the other drugs.

(*Continued on page* 16)

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The Wilson Tradition

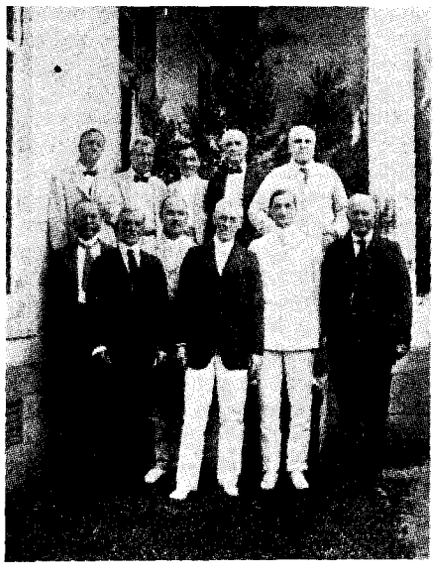
WOODROW WILSON, LIFE AND LETTERS. By Ray Stannard Baker. Vol. VI. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by RAYMOND J. SONTAG

COMING back to examine anew the entrance of America into the World War after long preoccupation with the task of understanding the foreign policy of British liberal statesmen in the nineteenth century, there is no feeling of strangeness. The men are new, there are many differences between American and English conditions; but the problem is the same, the problem of adjusting a cosmopolitan and individualist ideal to the facts of a nationalist world. Mr. Wilson evidently saw that this was true. When, as a boy, he hung Mr. Gladstone's picture over his desk, he was honoring the embodiment of an ideal, and he never lost the consciousness of working within that ideal. Forty years later, when Colonel House praised his war message as a revolution in statesmanship, unique in history, Mr. Wilson was surprised: "Gladstone had announced the same principles." The Colonel thought him too modest, and if he has been read correctly, Mr. Baker thinks him too modest. Throughout, Mr. Wilson is, to his biographer, "the representative of the newest idealisms in statecraft." The student of European history must conclude that Mr. Wilson was right, and Mr. Baker wrong; and he must conclude that from this faulty perspective many men and things are seen distorted, including the war president. Making all allowances for personal and national peculiarities, Mr. Wilson is best understood as a representative of a great, but not a new, tradition.

It was a tradition firmly grounded in the conviction that mankind was groping toward conformity with eternal, universal, and beneficent natural laws; misery and evil followed from the breach of these laws, whether through ignorance or short-sighted selfishness. The sum of these laws was, on the one hand, the right of the individual to freedom from coercion by other individuals or by governments, and on the other hand, the interdependence and community of interest between individuals and nations. In the distance loomed the vision of a day when all men would be free, and when the community of mankind would be realized. The enemy was, first of all, ignorance, and beyond that, selfishness, the selfishness alike of vested, privileged interests within nations, and the selfishness of the rulers of states in their dealings with other nations. The enemies were powerful; but law, working through the great masses of mankind, must win in the end, not only because the battle was between the many and the few, but because the irresistible power of nature's god was the ally of the many. Such, roughly and approximately, was the liberal creed, whether expounded by Cobden and Gladstone, or by Wilson.

The creed was the same and the difficulties were the same. There was the difficulty of method, summed up in the rival slogans, intervention and non-intervention. Should the spread of freedom be fought for, or should nature, in her own time, decide the issue? Wilson, like Gladstone, wavered. In the draft of an undelivered message on Mexico, the president stated firmly the non-interventionist position: "It does not lie with the American people to dictate to another people what their government shall be or what use shall be made of their resources, what laws or rulers they shall have or what persons they shall encourage or favor." In the margin, the skeptical Lansing wrote: "Haiti, S. Domingo, Nicaragua, Panama." The inconsistency is obvious, but the marginal comment exposes another difficulty, the contrast between the ideal and the expedient. A non-believer would put the dilemma more harshly; he would see the contrast between an ideal which served the individual and mankind, and the facts of a nationalist world where individual and humanity must be sacrificed to national interest. And the non-believer would see only one way to resolve the difficulty—cant. Gladstone, old and wise, refused to see the conflict too tragically. "Men ought not to suffer from disenchantment. They ought to know that ideals in politics are never realized." Wilson, younger and less flexible, found it harder to accept the necessity of compromise with evil; many phases of his career, possibly his physical collapse, go back to his inability to accept Gladstone's escape from the moral difficulties confronting all liberals. Like Gladstone, he saw that force was the enemy of law; like his guide, he was forced to resort to force, and therefore to believe that force might make for good. But the fact of compromise was harder for him to admit.



THE WILSON CABINET OF 1916

Front row: Redfield, Lansing, Houston, President Wilson, McAdoo, Burleson; back row, Daniels, W. B. Wilson, Baker, Gregory, Lane.

It is of more than academic importance to recognize that what Mr. Baker calls new and American is really old and European. From the recognition should follow, first of all, a more just view of Wilson's obvious sympathy with the Allied cause. He was not deluded by flattery or propaganda; he recognized a real spiritual kinship. Next, it is possible to obtain a more just view of the men whose lives touched his. Sir Edward Grey was not a Machiavellian trickster, seeking to draw the president into a trap; he was a liberal confronted with the same task of reconciling ideals and facts, and with the same consequent necessity of compromise at the expense of conviction. Colonel House, too, is entitled to greater charity and understanding. If, in Dr. Seymour's pages, there is a suggestion that House was the creative intelligence, and Wilson the mouthpiece, in Mr. Baker's account the Colonel suggests an evil genius, "die graue Eminenz," the American Baron von Holstein. Neither view is likely to find much acceptance by future historians, who will, if a guess may be hazarded, pay tribute both to the president's genius, and his adviser's sincerity and gift for bringing men together.

Finally, by this contrast of the "new" and the "old," an injustice is done to Mr. Wilson himself. If he be taken as the creator of a new political faith, what a damning verdict is suggested! Like Lansing, the reader notes on the margin: Germany, Italy, Japan, Russia—an incomplete list, but sufficient. The world today is an ironical commentary on the new world sketched in the president's speeches; the reader winces in pain as he relives the years from 1915 to 1917 through the medium of these vivid pages, and contrasts ideal and actuality. Probably unconsciously, Mr. Baker is arguing against the verdict he fears will be returned; there is more than a suspicion of apology, of hope that nobility of intention will excuse failure of performance.

None of this is needed. If Mr. Wilson is seen as representative of a great and old tradition, a tradition always changing but always in essentials the same, a tradition which has always failed but never admitted defeat, a tradition dishonored today as often in the past, but sure to rise again, a tradition which is the only alternative to chaos—seen in historical perspective, his stature is not diminished. He looms up like the earlier champions of the liberal ideal, as one who kept alive the hope of a better world.

Raymond J. Sontag is professor of history at Princeton.

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The Growth of Literary Ideas

FROM THESE ROOTS: The Ideas That Have Made Modern Literature. By Mary M. Colum. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

IN spite of the technical innovations of certain interesting writers, says Mrs. Colum, "we are still living on the ideas, the literary doctrines, the programs of the nineteenth century." She therefore sets herself to explore the origins of this literary program in "From These Roots," a book which has all the surety of simplification. Parts of the volume, especially the last chapter, are written with the author's usual pungency; other chapters have the flavor of teaching babes in grace their grammar. Nevertheless, a period overly concerned with contemporaneity may acknowledge the wisdom of this attempt to explain in popular terms the genetic growth of ideas.

Mrs. Colum believes that great creative epochs are dependent upon, or subsequent to (she is not always clear on this point) the enunciation of new truths in criticism. Modern literature begins with Lessing, in whose mind "we have in germ very many of the most modern developments of literary forms." Though the connection is sometimes forced, she traces the filiation of ideas from Lessing through Goethe, Herder, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Mme. de Staël, Sainte-Beuve, and others to Proust, Joyce, and Valéry.

The task being too vast for a book of 386 pages, one may charitably remember Dr. Johnson's apothegm about a dog's walking on his hind legs: "It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all." Compression is responsible for a good many errors; the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* fallacy is responsible for others; and the almost total absence of dates has made the task of chronology deceptively easy. For example, a paragraph on page 53 is likely to leave on the inexperienced reader the impression that "The Ancient Mariner," which took shape in Bristol in 1797, was the result of Coleridge's visit to Germany in September, 1798. Mrs. Colum is especially unhappy in her American chapter. "Really American" literature begins with the Declaration of Independence (which is in fact compounded out of the political commonplaces of the English eighteenth century); and by the simple trick of completely omitting Cooper, literary nationalism in this country is not given an effective start until Emerson. Students of that genius will be interested to learn that "his mind really developed only after he had gone to Europe," a truth which his journals fail to reveal. Mrs. Colum, however, says that only after he had met Wordsworth and Coleridge did he become "steeped in the world of their ideas and in the antecedents of these ideas." He is then made to come back to the United States where he delivers The American Scholar "soon after his return from Europe," an address "responsible" for starting off a new literature. The facts are that most of Emerson's characteristic ideas had come out of his reading and reflection before 1832, when he first saw Coleridge; that the famous address was delivered in 1837; and that his plea for nationality in literature is but the culmination of a long series of similar essays and addresses stretching back into colonial America, written by men, most of whom had never read Lessing or Herder or Mme. de Staël. Because Mrs. Colum has not stooped to the art of verifying dates, her pages are filled with similar assumptions; and because she has not paused to distinguish among a critic's vogue, his influence, and his reputation, she has tacitly assumed that analogous literary phenomena necessarily originate from the same cause. Literary history is filled with pitfalls for the unwary.

But though Mrs. Colum's pages require constant correction, the general direction of the book is right. Especially good is her emphasis upon the difference between writing as a trade and the creation of literature. When she remarks towards the close that "the widespread development of an uninspired and decadent realism and a flat, impoverished materialist philosophy has brought about a concentration on exterior life, and the routine of exterior life, to the discrediting of all forms of interior life," one must heartily applaud. Her discussion of Taine is a refreshing reappraisal of a powerful mind. She is not afraid of being serious about literary philosophies when most of her contemporaries are merely dogmatic. I only wish she had checked her historical facts more carefully.

Howard Mumford Jones is professor of English at Harvard University, and author of a recent life of Tom Moore, "The Harp That Once." See page 21 for biographical note on Mary M. Colum.

Understanding Asia

FORBIDDEN JOURNEY: From Peking to Kashmir. By Ella K. Maillart. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

WHEN Peter Fleming took his amazing trek into Turkestan, which he described in "News from Tartary," his companion was a remarkable Swiss girl whom he described inadequately—as men will. Now this young lady has done her own book, and in it she describes Peter Fleming much too fully—as women will.

Together, Peter Fleming and Ella K. Maillart have produced two of the most readable and understanding books on the Far East. I am particularly enthusiastic about Miss Maillart's analysis of "human nature" in Peiping or in the Turkestan desert, in a Buddhist monk or in the English Peter Fleming. For it is not cities and deserts and the even more barren politics that hold her eye and fancy, but the character and characteristics of men and women, and even children. And just as Sven Hedin can describe a mountain of snow, so she can find the soul of man even if it is hidden by dirt and butter used as a cosmetic. It is rare for a writer, in these days of forced effects, to make each experience not only vivid but simple, so that the reader lives through it vicariously. Yet, I found myself moving across the Tsaidam; I thought I was talking to Li and Boro; I was pained at the disappointment of the Smigs; I almost played solitaire with Peter Fleming. And what more can any writer want of any reader?

I think that Ella Maillart achieves this distinction: that no matter what the circumstances may be, her people are live people; their pigment does not interfere with their humanity. Perhaps it is because she is a woman that she really knows of the oneness of Man.

This is a fine book. I hope it is read even by those who are weary of Far Eastern travel literature.

ELLA MAILLART WITH A GROUP OF MONGOLS

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Flemish Destinies

HATH NOT THE POTTER. By Maxence van der Meersch. New York: Viking Press. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

ST. PAUL'S rather discouraging remark to the Romans as to the futility of questioning the potter's power "to make one vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor" furnishes an apt English title for Maxence van der Meersch's new novel, called in the original version "L'Empreinte de Dieu." As might be expected, the leading characters display a high degree of fatalism amid the tragic circumstances of the plot. The hero is a Flemish writer of great physical prowess and somewhat eighteen-ninety-ish ideals. His almost too devoted wife, like the long-suffering niece who becomes too closely linked with him, submits without a struggle to a comparatively unhappy destiny. Domitien van Bergen shows a tendency to follow them, though he can put up a good enough fight on occasion, as he demonstrates by knocking out the niece's brute of a husband. This vigor aside, M. van der Meersch's people claim no sociological place in the sun; they are uncomplicated, unquestioning folk, developing little in the course of the story. If their plight does not greatly move us, it is perhaps because the inevitable workings of fate are sometimes easily foreseen and lack suspense, not because M. van der Meersch fails to be in his way a most skillful potter. There is a certain flatness, not to say artificiality, about some aspects of this triangular relationship, but the narrative is strongly and simply built, free of irony, and always able to interest if not convince the reader.

The true distinction of the book, however, lies in its vivid depiction of Flemish scenes and customs. Van der Meersch makes much of the teeming port life of Antwerp as Rodenbach did of the decaying Bruges canals; even better are the country scenes, contrasting a roaring and sordid smugglers' inn on the French frontier with the clean quietness of the Dutch island of Walcheren, where van Bergen's romance with the niece takes place. Here are *genre* pictures and interiors as rich and full of solid vitality as the best work of the sixteenth and seventeenth century Flemish painters, showing with astonishing clarity how little the prevalent tone of Flanders life has altered in over three hundred years. Brutal and fatalistic, yet with a somber gaiety of its own, this book reflects further credit upon the author of "Invasion." It is less grandiose in conception, but it possesses most of the good qualities of that successful work, and an excellent translation helps it materially. The Goncourt Prize has not recently fallen to a sounder writer; we hope that "Hath Not the Potter" will be widely read.

THE JOURNALIST'S WIFE AND THE JOURNALIST

Life with an Ace Reporter

JOURNALIST'S WIFE. By Lilian T. Mowrer. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by EUGENE LYONS

THIS book by the wife of one of America's ace reporters abroad, Edgar Ansel Mowrer of the Chicago *Daily News,* is a new and brilliant variation on the insistent theme of foreign correspondents adventuring amidst the explosions of world events. The life she has shared with her husband since their wedding day in 1916 has in it more than a fair share of the sheer do-and-dare and physical danger and professional glory one has come to expect in newspapermen's memoirs. But it is miles above the ordinary journalistic adventure story. Edgar Mowrer and the English girl whom he met in a train one day in 1911 are both completely civilized beings with deep humane impulses and a healthy distaste for horror. The brutalities of the war and the peace, the mangling of liberty and justice in one land after another, were intimate tragedies for them. The scars of what they have seen are deep upon their spirits.

"It is difficult for a young journalist not to identify himself, to some extent, with the land he has lived in so long," Mrs. Mowrer writes at one point. It is precisely in the measure that the correspondent does identify himself with the world and the events that he reports that he emerges as an interpreter of the life around him and not merely a camera-like automaton. For Mowrer the collapse of democracy in Italy, then in Germany, was not merely a story; his hopes and emotions were involved. The moral earnestness of his reporting has raised it above the uninspired "objective" average.

And this book, too, reflects that moral earnestness. It is well written in an easy, sophisticated style and is crowded with incident, anecdote, personalities, and daring asides. But under this charm there is a hard core of serious observation. In every chapter we are permitted to see a chunk of post-war European history through the author's unblurred eyes; and, what is more important, to feel it through her honest sympathies.

"Journalist's Wife" is a threefold narrative, and you may read it for any of these or for all three. First, it is the detailed story of a successful newspaper man's career. Second, it is a summation of European events during more than twenty crucial years. Third, it is a straightforward account of the life of a woman who has subordinated her own early dreams of a stage career to act as companion to the man she loves. Mrs. Mowrer is certainly not a pale echo of her celebrated husband, but a high-spirited and capable individual in her own right. Though that aspect is not unduly emphasized, the harmonious partnership of the Mowrers remains, after reading the book, as one of the clearest and pleasantest memories.

The most memorable sections of this very readable volume are those which show the rise of Mussolini, then of Hitler, to supreme power in their respective countries. Towards the third great dictatorship, the Russian, Mrs. Mowrer is less harsh, too evidently because she knows relatively little about it. Curiously, though aware of the technique of Nazi propaganda, she falls a victim in some measure to the corresponding technique of the Russians. But not to the point of swallowing tyranny under any label. In her final conclusions, and obviously she speaks for her husband too, she rejects the assumption of "woolly-minded people" that the world "has no choice but between two brands of oppression."

See page 21 for further biographical information about Lilian T. Mowrer.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Dictionaries for Children

PROGRESSIVE education, which abhors the use of force in compelling children to learn but believes in using it to prevent their learning until theory says the hour and stars are right, has finally consented to let a certain seven-year-old learn to read. He was recently spelling out the word "window" in his reader, and inquired why "they call it that." Asked how he would tell a younger child what windows are, he said: "things that they have in houses that you look out of and get light from them. They keep wind out." He thereupon decided that they are called windows because they keep the wind out. He disagreed with "Webster's New International Dictionary" less than you might think.

The editor, who is constantly being told by correspondents that he has little philology and less etymology, was moved to find out what help the boy could have found in the resources of scholarship. Funk & Wagnalls' "New Comprehensive Standard Dictionary for American Youth" ($1.75) was at hand, but a seven-year-old is hardly youth, and the editor began with the "Thorndike Century Junior Dictionary" (Appleton-Century, $2.). This excellent book has come near solving the insoluble problem of the novelist who recently, writing to the editor, crossed out an attempt at the word "psychiatry" and added, "I can't spell it because I can't find it in the dictionary, and I can't find it because I can't spell it."

Thorndike says: "window, 1. an opening in a wall or roof to let in light or air. 2. such an opening with its frame and glass." The "Comprehensive Standard" says: "1. An opening, as in a wall, to admit light or air. 2. The casement, sash, framework, and panes of glass used in such an opening; also, the sash alone." It also gives one specialized meaning. "Webster's Collegiate," which is designed for adults, says in its general definition: "An opening in the wall of a building for admission of light and air, usually closed by casements or sashes containing transparent material, as glass, and capable of being opened and shut."

According to these definitions, the flaw in the seven-year-old's was his failure to recognize that windows must be understood as openings and his omission of the materials out of which they are made. Certainly, however, he knew that most windows have glass in them, and probably he had the concept of opening, though he did not express it. The use of a dictionary would have made his idea of windows more exact.

In this case, the dictionary would not have added to the child's knowledge. Children, however, do not usually go to dictionaries to look up words whose meaning they know from experience. Well, suppose a child hears the word "television" for the first time and wants to know what it means. Thorndike says, "a means for seeing objects at a distance by electricity. We can see things or people in another city by television." The "Comprehensive Standard" says, "the instantaneous transmission of images by telegraphy, with or without wires," and adds a parenthesis on the derivation of the word. "Webster's Collegiate" defines the word by specifying the conversion of light rays into electrical waves, and so is beyond a child's understanding.

The difference in function between Thorndike and the "Standard" is shown by these definitions, and Thorndike does better by the child, as it is intended to do. But both signally fail to use what the child already knows. When a child asks what television is, an adult will usually tell him that it is something like the radio but enables us to see what is happening at the broadcasting studio, whereas radio enables us only to hear it. Such a definition has its flaws as science but it is more effective than those in the dictionaries, for it uses the child's experience in explaining what he does not know.

Take a word less familiar than "window" but more commonly encountered than "television." Thorndike defines "menace": "1. threat. 2. threaten;" the "Standard" gives exactly the same definition but puts the verb first; both give illustrative sentences. "Webster's Collegiate" has: "1. The show of an intention to inflict evil; a threat." Surprisingly, the advantage here is with the dictionary for adults; the others merely substitute one word for another but Webster defines by specifying. If the child could understand "intention" and "inflict" he would get more from this definition, and a child who was capable of looking up "menace" probably would understand them.

These words are nouns, the names of things. Webster defines a typical verb, "to blend," in such a way that a child could not understand it. Thorndike says: "1. mix together; mix . . . so thoroughly that the things mixed cannot be distinguished or separated." The "Standard" says: "To mix together; mingle; combine one thing with another." Thorndike's is the better definition for youths, one would think, for it gives the identifying restriction, but the more mature dictionary gives a simpler definition which would be more helpful for children.

The verb "involve" expresses relationship, and here the functions of the three dictionaries are sharply differentiated. Webster's definition is useful only to adults. The "Standard" simplifies effectively but is not simple enough for a child: "To draw into entanglement; embroil. . . . To include; necessitate. . . . To envelop; inwrap; infold. . . . To complicate." Thorndike says: "mix with; cover up . . . tangle; twist . . . include." Both of the simpler dictionaries clarify their definitions with specimen phrases; and with such words as this children need examples.

An hour spent examining the books glanced at here shows that the progressive movement in education has supplied excellent instruments for instruction in words. The "Standard" begins where Thorndike leaves off, and Thorndike is a shrewd and experimentally tested beginning. It is especially valuable in its effort to help children form the habit of using a dictionary and to lead them on from a child's dictionary to the kind that adults use. This is in the very best practice of modern education, to encourage the student to learn by himself. If it succeeds with seven-year-olds, it shortens one process from three to five years: our generation seldom used a dictionary before we were ten or twelve. Also, it shows that the progressive movement has purified itself of some earlier excesses—for it is arranged according to the most conventional usage. Some years ago the editor had a very intelligent student at Harvard who required an inordinate length of time to use an encyclopedia or other reference work of more than one volume. The young man had been trained by advanced parents and an elementary school that made no compromise with the ideal. He had learned the alphabet as it appears on a typewriter, for theory held that only in such ways could education adjust itself to the modern world. So when he wanted to use an encyclopedia he had to employ not even the touch system, but pure one-finger seek and find.

It is still a good idea, however, to have all the dictionaries available to children. The trouble with both of these helps for the young is that they set an upper limit to the help the young are to make use of. Every child's interest and experience will sometimes be great enough for him to use even "Webster's New International," though he uses Thorndike at other times. And the sooner he abandons all simplifications and relies on purely adult instruments, the more time he will save in the process which the simplifications are designed to facilitate.

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Letters to the Editor: *Hemingway and the Critics; On Doing without Grammar*

Balance Restored

SIR:—Thank you and Elliot Paul for his clear, controlled, and warm estimate of Hemingway's place as a person and as a writer. It was past time that somebody did just this for a man who has been the object of far more than his share of silly criticism.

ELEANOR BLAKE.

New York City.

Robber Baron

SIR:—In suggesting that "To Have and Have Not" is a document illustrating "the differences in opportunity between the pioneer days and the present," Mr. Elliot Paul has apparently explained why Messrs. Hicks, Cowley, and other literary leftists have been among the few to praise the book. Still, their praise seems curious. Mr. Hemingway's own feeling toward Harry Morgan is a blend of admiration and pity because Morgan, as Mr. Paul says, had the qualifications for the career of robber baron but not the opportunity. The Marxists have always condemned the accomplishments of robber barons, but they feel sorry for this potential but frustrated one. They are willing to go far to make Mr. Hemingway a proletarian novelist.

L. H. BUTTERFIELD.

Lancaster, Pa.

Unexpurgated

SIR:—I read with great interest the Hemingway essay by Elliot Paul. Most of the things which he said needed saying. In connection with the famous scene between Morgan and his wife, it is interesting to note that there is an analogue to it in one of Philip Massinger's tragedies—"The Fatal Dowry," if I remember correctly—and I believe that the dramatist used practically the same verbal means as Mr. Hemingway did toward the same ends. Yet the play is duly enshrined unexpurgated in the Mermaid Series.

ALFRED GRIMWOOD.

New York City.

How to Learn English

SIR:—Congratulations on Mr. Wilson Follett's blast against ignorance, ineptitude, and sloppiness in using the English language! And against those who believe in mysticism and magic as substitutes for the hard work of learning, learning English or anything else.

Now may we not have some practical suggestions as to how people older and younger may learn English?

Long ago Edward Sapir suggested that we might avoid the conflict between English as she is spoke and wrote and the proprieties of grammatical English by abandoning hypothetical case and substituting the reality of usage. We have two forms in the pronoun, he said: the preverbal and the postverbal. Before verbs (and prepositions) we use *I, he, who,* and so on; after verbs (and prepositions) we use *me, him,* and *whom.* "It's me" and "Who *is it for?*" are English; by naming the forms correctly we can put the hearts of the grammarians to rest.

"THEY ALWAYS HAVE A TOUGH TIME FINDING SOMETHING FOR X."

Teaching such grammar might possibly do away with the over-training of children, too many of whom learn too much, and go through life tripping over "Between you and I." Very few ever learn to say "It's I" without wearing something of the air of a dog walking on its hind legs.

SAMUEL NOCK.

Kansas State College
Manhattan, Kansas.

Is Clarity Enough?

SIR:—Mr. Wilson Follett's delightful article, "On Doing without Grammar" pleased me so by its sheer mastery of expression that I read it twice over, especially after I caught sight of my own name. It is rare indeed to find the rules of grammar discussed in well-written English, for the grammarians are a sad lot in turning a sentence—as a rule. But I was surprised to find that such a good writer was a "fundamentalist" on the subject of grammar.

As Mr. Follett says, examples are the meat of the matter, and in analyzing his illustrations it seems to me that Mr. Follett too often adopts a literal interpretation according to the grammar books instead of a liberal interpretation according to the clearness with which an author expresses his meaning.

Is saying that a person is "executed" when literally it is the sentence that is executed anything more than the figure of speech known as metonymy?

Modern writers have adopted a rule of punctuation that one should never use a comma that is not absolutely required to make the meaning clear, and while in the sentence "They entered only one shop where Elizabeth invested in a green and rose wall-pocket for flowers" I myself should place a comma between "shop" and "where," does the context leave the ordinary rapid reader with any feeling of doubt that Elizabeth entered only one shop? If it is clear, why may not the reader be permitted to put the comma in for himself? (That is the defense of those who deliberately omit it.)

In my own case, Mr. Follett cites an example of "spurious 'agreement of tenses'" when the ordinary rule of grammar would have it that a universal or continuing fact should always be given the present tense regardless of the preceding tense. My defense is that our best-educated people (I recognize no other authority) seem to have the custom of using the present tense when they wish to emphasize the universal and continuing character of the statement, but when they wish to emphasize something else in the sentence and avoid calling attention to that by the oddity of the present tense, as my advertising writer did in the sentence quoted, they follow the customary "sequence of tenses."

SHERWIN CODY.

Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Holmes Letters

SIR:—I am interested in assembling and editing for publication the letters of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894). I should be grateful if any of your readers possessing autograph letters of Holmes would communicate with me.

MIRIAM R. SMALL.

Wells College
Aurora-on-Cayuga, N. Y.

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Description of a Miracle

COUNTER-ATTACK IN SPAIN. By Ramon J. Sender. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by RALPH BATES

THE desire for organization is so natural to the American mind, I suppose, that the desire and the capacity are taken for human constants in this country. This can be the only explanation of the fact that of the thousands of questions put to me so far about Loyalist Spain not one has dealt with the vital and astonishing phenomenon of the wartime change in Spanish character. The Doubting Thomases of politics demand a miracle. I have witnessed a miracle, and, greatest good fortune that ever befell a man, have taken part in it. I have seen order and precision emerge from chaos, an army crystallize out of a heroic rabble. And this is the only thing that matters, it is the theme at which all of us who have lived through this war arrive by irresistible gravitation. Malraux told me in Madrid during the Writers' Congress in July that his new novel had just this theme. "Counter-Attack in Spain" also treats of it.

Sender's book, let me say deliberately, is easily the best that has come out of Spain as yet. It has well nigh everything. Sender, one of the most interesting writers of contemporary Spain, has had the immense opportunity of courage. He has taken part in exciting battles and he is so convinced a democratic idealist that he can write dispassionately of them; or, to say it better, his passions are utterly honest. In this book of Sender's the reader will find a trustworthy way into a tremendous experience.

Here are the counterparts of men I know, friends and enemies. The portraits of Lieutenant P. and the communist plumber Commander Leon are solid and convincing enough as a job of writing, but the point is that they are historical sources of real validity. Leon is the José of my experience, José del Barrio, Barcelona metallurgical worker who gathered round himself a disciplined and organized force of 14,000 men and directed them, without himself possessing rank. Calm yet imaginative, forceful yet cautious and brave enough to be able to accept the life-and-death responsibilities of command (almost the hardest thing for a Spanish democrat to do). Or take the case of the curious fascist spy who called himself the Negus, recorded by Sender. The Negus wandered everywhere, he knew the name of every commander, and he appeared and disappeared none knew how, getting away with it by his rambling talk of being weak in the head. He was finally caught red-handed and shot, just as one spy I knew on the Aragon front was. This man would stroll up to the villages of the front, drink heavily for a day or two, then spend entire days lolling sleepily against cars of the Divisional HQ or the door posts of the Popular Front committee rooms, a cigarette burning in his slack mouth, blood-shot eyes screwed up against the smoke. Out of a half stupor he would ask questions fidgeting and disturbing to one who knew, but sottishly incomprehensible to others. He would sneer almost openly at an evasive reply, as if hinting that he knew the truth, and then turn away to fumble for the bottle of anis, of which he stank. Question to the reader, would you have arrested him? Remember that in those days the word "spy" was a terrible one, sufficient to destroy a man against whom it was breathed. Well, I did not arrest him. But he was caught with a plan and contents list of our ammunition dumps in his possession. The list was lying on the café table before him and had been handled by two other unsuspecting drinkers during the hour preceding his arrest.

RAMON J. SENDER

Sender entitles one of his chapters The Joy of Attacking, but it is not only these clean and enjoyable emotions he describes. The sense of impotence, mistrust, and doubt which all of us felt at times during the confusion of last year, he records in the section on Cabeza Lijar, where a beautifully placed and unobserved artillery battery, with enemy guns in full view, was kept silent day after day by senior command, only to be itself half destroyed by aerial bombardment when its emplacement was at last discovered. The Communist Party of Spain, which had insisted for months before July 1936 that the army must be purged, is demanding the same now. It was inexplicable events like Cabeza Lijar which convinced my rather reluctant and undoctrinaire mind that the demand is not unreasonable.

The whole chapter recounting this incident is good, in particular the controlled and dignified description of fear when the battery was trapped. It was a misty morning and Sender says the mist increased the demoralizing effect of the enemy fire. Nelson, the finest soldier I ever met, Commissar of the Lincoln-Washington Battalion in my brigade, once told me, "I don't take any damn notice of shells but I like to know where machine gun fire comes from." Sender comments on this most unnerving of military dangers, long range machine gun fire from unseen emplacements.

Sometimes, though rarely, I am sure Sender adds to early experiences sentiments that came later, or glosses an incident with reflection. During the aerial bombardment which killed the fine English commander Nathan, an odd line from a modern German poem came into my head, about the bowels of a lover being like jewelled lizards. It was, I see now, the surface symbol of a deep movement of thought about the fragility of the human body exposed to smoking lumps of whizzing iron. Sender has this thought in a curious and beautiful way, which nevertheless puzzles me with its intellectuality. In any case, I boggle when he says that he was aware his body had loved and wished to love again. When the earth bounces and the hot surface of a field sweeps over and chokes one and half a hedge of torn-up bushes whips through the air, one does not think of lingering kisses, if I may say so. Nevertheless, the whole passage must be read; it will tell you what it feels like to defend an ideal against a crashing death. The author records one thing I had forgotten, the way in which our soldiers have kept their civilian character. It is true, and is a consequence of the unique and humane discipline of the Spanish Republican Army.

There are many fine things in "Counter Attack in Spain," such as the description of Madrid awaiting the arrival of arms, which leaves an image tangled in the brain, of weaponless men of the Fifth Regiment silently filing out to the front, pressing against dark walls when shells burst in the streets. I have debated long whether to mention the moving dignity of the last pages where, with superb restraint, Sender tells how the fascists murdered his innocent wife, because she was his wife. There are few pages in modern writing like this. Read the book, compare it with young Mussolini's book on war, and decide by whom you would wish to be governed. That is Spain's problem.

Ralph Bates, author of "Lean Men" and "The Olive Field," is at present lecturing in this country. Until recently he has been at the front in Spain, an officer in the 15th International (Loyalist) Brigade.

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Upton Sinclair on Henry Ford

THE FLIVVER KING. By Upton Sinclair. Detroit Mich.: United Automobile Workers of America. Station A, Pasadena, Calif.: The Author. 1937. 25 cents.

Reviewed by PAUL H. DOUGLAS

I AM one of those who have always regarded Upton Sinclair as being a far better writer than most of the formal literary critics have been willing to admit. That he has written some slovenly books is true, but "Boston," "Oil," and the first part of "The Jungle" are, to me at least, extraordinarily moving works which deserve to stand, although not in the first rank of our literature, at least in a very respectable second rank.

But whatever may be one's doubts about Sinclair's qualities as a novelist, all must admit that as a social pamphleteer he has been virtually unrivaled in modern America. In this present interpretation of Henry Ford as seen through the lives of three generations of a working class family—the Shutts—Sinclair has done one of his best pieces of work. The simple, kindly mechanic who wanted to put the American people on wheels is shown working on his horseless carriage in his tool shed during the nineties, and then starting his business during the next decade. For some years he continued to let the generous part of his nature express itself, as when he guaranteed his workers a minimum wage of five dollars a day, launched his quixotic peace ship to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas, challenged the jingoistic *Chicago Tribune,* and ran for the Senate on a Wilsonian platform against Truman H. Newberry.

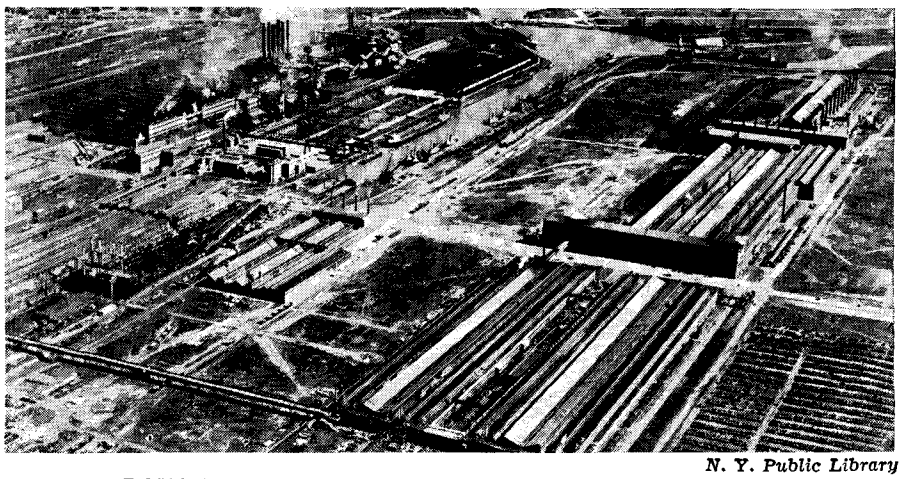
But from 1919 on, Sinclair (and I believe correctly) shows this generosity of feeling to have been more and more swallowed up by the harder side of his nature. Part of this change was due to the ridicule to which he had been exposed and which apparently made him, and even more his family and advisers, determined that he should not go through it again. In an even greater measure, however, it was due to the pressure of the efficient industrial monster which he had created. The moving assembly had reduced labor costs and had put speedy locomotion within the reach of tens of millions of Americans. But it required a minute and devitalizing subdivision of labor, and it permitted an ever faster speeding up of the "belt." Forced on by his desire to cut costs, lower prices, and make money, and pushed also by the competition of rival manufacturers, Ford and his engineers took advantage of this possibility, and almost without knowing what they did drove the workmen to almost inhuman rates of speed. Sinclair states that wages were not increased comparably with living costs or with the general movement about him, and that the early differential advantage which Ford's workers had possessed over those in competing plants largely disappeared.

At the same time, the speed-up bred resentment amongst his workers, as did the periodic and sometimes protracted shut-downs of the plant. Sinclair believes that this in turn made Ford afraid of the real feelings of his men, and that this fear was increased by the threats of gangsters to kidnap his beloved grandchildren. When to power and wealth there is added fear, unhappy results are likely to follow, and this is Sinclair's interpretation of Ford's subsequent actions. Ford turned to hired and physical protection which was furnished by the expugilist Harry Bennett, who now became head of his "service" department and who recruited a crowd of boxers to keep first his family and then his plant safe from the forces which he feared. As these men and their fellows treated the workers more brutally, and especially after the riot of March 7, 1932, in which four were killed, still further resentment spread among the workers at the bottom. This was in no wise appeased by the propaganda issued by Ford's publicity man, William J. Cameron, who had been an editor of the *Dearborn Independent* when that paper sponsored the attacks upon the Jews and who is now a leading figure in the Anglo-Saxon Federation. The change in Ford's personality is indeed well shown by the fact that Bennett came to have virtually the same title which had been formerly given to the gentle Dean Marquis, who had left an Episcopal Cathedral to help Ford work out a humane policy towards his workers.

The newly built city of Dearborn became indeed almost as feudal as a medieval barony. Men and women, like the third generation of the Shutts, took their various roles according to their natures and disposition. Some, like the eldest son John, aspired only to be taken into the lower ranks of the dynasty and never questioned the basic standards upon which it was built and by which it functioned. Others, like the tough second son Hank, found their place among the private soldiery, just as hard youngsters in Umbria and the Romagna hired themselves out during the fifteenth century to the Baglioni of Perugia and to Sigismondo Malatesta of Rimini. Finally, a few rebels, like the third son, Tom Shutts, set out to build a union in order that the great masses of the workers could protect themselves by common action and through collective bargaining from the speed-up, from espionage, and from arbitrary dismissal. The booklet ends with alternate paragraphs describing an evening during which Ford dances old-fashioned square dances with the families of fellow Detroit millionaires, while Tom —after addressing a union meeting—is viciously beaten by a "hatchet gang" of missionaries of social appeasement.

After reading this booklet, one is convinced that Homer Martin of the United Automobile Union showed good judgment when he ordered 200,000 copies of it for distribution among the Ford workers. It will unquestionably lead many to join the U. A. W. And yet one of the merits of the work is that there is no hate in it. One comes to have a wistful liking for Ford, who, as Sinclair says, has thought "that men could have the machinery and comforts of a new world while keeping the ideas of the old." The tragedy lies in the fact that he does not see that an automatized mass production movement almost inevitably creates a counter mass movement of the workers to help control their destiny, and that instead of meeting it halfway with the free and generous spirit which once moved within him, he refuses to countenance it and does not check his subordinates when they use unworthy and undemocratic methods to combat it. It is the recognition of this fact which saves "The Flivver King" from being purely a pamphlet of the moment, and gives to it something of the dignity which is always the by-product of genuine tragedy.

Paul H. Douglas is professor of economics at the University of Chicago.



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News from Mexico

NOTES FOR A BOOK ABOUT MEXICO. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Company. 1937. $1.50.

DEATH IS INCIDENTAL. A Story of Revolution. By Heath Bowman and Stirling Dickinson. The same. $2.

Reviewed by MARSHALL A. BEST

O'BRIEN of the *Chicago Daily News* is one of the ablest of the nation's columnists. These excellent "Notes for a Book about Mexico" are the columns which he sent back from a thoroughly commonplace two-months' tour last winter. As a book, nothing could be less pretentious; its modesty is a virtue. The traveler had no isms to defend, was innocent of book-knowledge about the country, knew no Spanish, and made no show of getting beneath the surface. But being a good observer with the right instincts, he succeeds in expressing the common-sense views on Mexico of any American of good will. He shows us not necessarily what Mexico is, but what an intelligent visitor from the North has a right to think it is. The picture is largely favorable. Mexican courtesy, climate, churches, children, and Mexican aspirations are all praised: in fact, his only complaints are against pilfering, noise, and beggars.

Though he avoids dogmatic statements as if they were a deadly sin, he manages to give a clear idea of the state of the nation. His politics and economics may not suit the theorist, but they have the ring of sound sense. He found the Church functioning almost everywhere, and is generous in his appraisal of its meaning to the people, though he approves its dispossession. He comments hopefully on public works. With a lively interest in the education program, which he recognizes as the keystone of the new regime, he visited several schools and gives them high praise. He interviewed Cárdenas and Rivera with sympathy, Trotsky with suspicion. He has an amiable word to say for that "wise old owl," Ambassador Daniels, and justly gives him credit for being a knowing friend of the new Mexico, rather than a dupe or bungler. He regrets the "excesses" of the labor program, but foresees an eventual swing back, largely influenced by the tourist trade. Like some other observers, Mr. O'Brien thinks that the present situation may be ripe for fascism. On the whole, however, he is torn between the fear of another major explosion, a final revolution, and the hope that the Cárdenas regime can carry on a peaceable middle course of social progress.

The authors of "Death Is Incidental" are two young men, Heath Bowman and Stirling Dickinson, who toured Mexico in a battered Ford two or three years ago, and reported their trip with perception and good humor in "Mexican Odyssey." After an interlude in South America, they have returned to their first hunting-ground. In contrast to Mr. O'Brien, and without implying a comparison of values, their approach is not that of the journalist but of the artist. Their feeling for the character of the land goes deep; they have lived in it and judged it from the villages as well as from the tourist towns.

"Death Is Incidental" is simply a short story which tries to present the successive waves of revolution in Mexico through the lives of four people in a village—San Miguel de Allende on the Central Plateau. As a story it is bare and naive; the characters of the two Indians, the priest, and his brother the *hacendado*, are of no consequence and arouse no sympathies. They are merely

THE PRIEST AND THE INDIANS
Block print by Stirling Dickinson, from "Death Is Incidental."

vehicles for exposition, and the book must be judged as a historical thesis rather than as fiction. It succeeds in portraying the plight of the bystander, and in showing how sympathies have swung first to one cause or leader and then to another. Its partisans are not all black or all white; the authors' sympathies are with the peasant, but the Church and the landowner seem to be given more than justice. Yet its major thesis, that the struggle is still and always between the Church and the Revolution, is not satisfactory. It ignores the fairly commonplace notion that the Church has been the antagonist because it was itself a vested interest, and that a dispossessed church might still thrive in a socialized state, if it filled a need as vital as the authors think.

The format of the book, which is illustrated with Mr. Dickinson's woodcuts, is worth a word of commendation.

Village Prophet

COUNTY COURT. By Roy Flannagan. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by EUGENE ARMFIELD

THE trial of a woman for the murder of her husband sets Roy Flannagan to exploring the life of a village in Virginia. It will be no surprise to readers of many Southern novels that the once prosperous tobacco farms have deteriorated; that the people have grown arid with the land, socially and intellectually unproductive; though they work hard they are poor; their most vigorous offspring go away to find better opportunities; those who remain fritter away their lives in covetousness, gossip, and adultery in tourist camps.

Mr. Flannagan has not been content, however, to write what is still called, for some reason, a realistic picture of a drab community. In the first place he has employed a tightly-knit plot: a man is murdered, presumably for his insurance, his wife is accused on circumstantial evidence, the action works out the problem of her guilt. It is almost the plot of a mystery novel, though no mystery fan would grant the author his solution. In the second place, Mr. Flannagan respects the land, and despite their pettiness, he respects human beings. He attempts to embody in the main character of the novel, Captain Jinks, the underlying dignity and creative imagination of the people of Julia County.

Jinks is a real person and an unreal one, a symbol of the town's intelligence and its vague desires, its prime mover and its conscience. A fiddler and a "prophet," believed a half-wit by some of his fellows, a genius by others, under the cover of his music and his apparently indifferent acceptance of the world he plays an active part in the lives of all the townspeople. He brings out the hidden motives of the characters involved in the trial, draws together all the threads of the plot. Jinks is not completely successful as a character: his sapience falls at times into priggishness; his sexual exploits verge on the ridiculous (there must have been a few women in town who found his charms less than devastating, though one would never suspect it). Yet it is this non-realistic personage that gives the novel its main distinction. "County Court" has other good qualities. The plot is swift and interesting enough. Other characters are excellently drawn, particularly the accused woman and her son. But Jinks lifts the novel out from between the two obstacles it faced, courtroom melodrama on the one hand and small-town inanity on the other.

The person in Doubleday's manufacturing department who picked out the horrendous binding of Mr. Flannagan's novel should be ashamed of himself.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

XIX. Honors in Economics

THE headquarters of the G.E.F. are on a knoll, and from Calchas's tent we see rising high in the distance, the walls and towers of Troy. Dr. Calchas has already accumulated round him some of the equipment of an economic expert; filing cases and charts and a typewriter. He sits at a long table with enough papers and memoranda to keep him happy, and behind him hangs a huge graph showing the progress of the Siege during its ten years. It has zigzag lines in various colors; but the most conspicuous of them, which we may suppose to represent the trend of the Greek cause, shows a sharp rising slope. The deep gulf preceding its upward turn very likely symbolizes the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon, when Achilles was sulking. The chart is divided into vertical sections indicating the years 1194 B.C. down to 1185 B.C.

Outside the tent a sentry paces to and fro, passing at regular intervals. Cressida, still wearing the tweed-and-jersey, and the blue squadron-pin, is arguing with her father.

But Daddy, she says, I must.

I'm sorry, my dear. It's impossible.

I've been here a week already. I've got to get some more clothes.

That suit looks very well. I've heard any number of officers say how becoming it is. I don't like women who change their clothes all the time.

It was beastly of you to get me here on the pretext of being sick.

I *was* sick. My hay fever was terrible. That's one reason I tried to get you on the phone. I wanted you to bring my atomizer.

I'll go back and get it for you.

There were other reasons too. I thought I would tip off that old fool Pandarus to the real situation.

He's *not* an old fool. He's the wisest kindest dearest most understanding person in the whole world. He helped me when *you* left me on the beach. You'll never know what he's done for me.—Almost in tears, she gazes miserably out toward the distant silhouette of Troy.

Dr. Calchas pushes aside his papers, takes off his spectacles, and becomes as annoying as only the fathers of daughters can.

Did you ever know me to do anything without having it all figured out beforehand? I tell you, Troy isn't healthy just now. What sort of a father would I be to let you go back to a town that's going to be wiped out.

That's all phooey. Why they've got the finest fighters in the world, they've got the Greeks paralyzed. Look at Hector and Paris and—and men like that. They can twist Greek spears in circles.

Even if they were acrobats and demigods they can't beat the laws of economics. Old pal Pandarus knows that. Would you be interested to know that years ago he transferred the bulk of his personal funds into Greek securities?

I don't care anything about that. I said I'd go back in ten days, and the Greeks gave their word of honor. It was in the treaty.

My dear child, to use your own expression, phooey. There's no such thing as a word of honor. It isn't recognized in international law.

Only in the laws of economics?

The only honor in economics is facts. (He hands her a sheet of paper.) Here's the latest table of weighted index numbers, look it over while I'm out. It might put some ideas in your head.—And please remember, he says as he leaves, these Greeks are business men, not poets.

Cressida tosses away the index numbers, looks warily out of the tent. After a moment of uncertainty she calls:—

Sentry! O sentry!

A Greek soldier in classic armor appears at the opening. He salutes. All present and correct, miss.

Cressida puts on her most blandishing air: Poor fellow, I'm afraid you're awfully warm out there.

It is a bit hot, miss.

I've got some nice cool lemonade in a thermos. I thought you'd like some.

I sure would. Thanks a lot.

While my father's out I'm going to take a nap. You see, some of the officers are coming in for tea and I want to be fresh.

Absolutely, that's what they like.

I mean, I want to be rested. Will you let down the flaps of the tent and keep an eye on the front so I won't be disturbed.

Sure thing. Nothing easier. I won't let nobody bother you, if it was old Manylouse himself.

Left alone, she quickly throws the army cloak around her and puts on the helmet. In a corner of the tent are her father's riding boots. She slips into them. Cautiously she peers through the flaps at the back of the tent, then retreats quickly as if alarmed.

There is a furtive scratching against the rear canvas; she shrinks behind the table in dismay. A gauntleted arm comes through and a figure garbed much like herself slips in. It is wearing a similar long cloak and helmet, the face is hidden by a gas mask. Her first impulse is to call for help, but the attitude of the other is curiously timid. She bends over the table and pretending to be occupied with the papers keeps her face concealed.

The stranger salutes, stands evidently puzzled by her disregard, then moves slowly forward trying to see her face. As if absorbed in study she keeps always averted. He tries, by repeated saluting, to get her attention. At last he makes a mumbling sound through the mask. Still there is no answer, so removing one gauntlet he draws a scroll from under his cloak and holds it out toward her. She looks sideways at it, and sees that his hand is black.

Fuscus!

He tears off his mask.

Gemini Pollux, it's Miss Cressie. Zeus-almighty, I feared maybe you wuz Colonel Ash-heels.

How you frightened me. It's a good thing you took off your glove.

Nigger always forgets he black all over. O lawd, O lawd, what a conniption.

What's this, asks Cressida, looking at the scroll.

Dat aint nothin, just some ole Greek writin' fo' camouflage. No ma'am, dis is de importance.

He takes a small folded paper, rather damp, from inside his helmet.

I'm sorry ef it aint very savory. Dat aint just perspiration, dat's fright. We hear dese Europeans gwine do gas drill, I figure I could masquerade myself across. Co'se Marse Trolius couldn't come so I volunteer. It's dat nobility obliege dey alluz talk about. Quality fall in love it sho' make anxiety fo' de servants.

But Cressida is reading her letter and doesn't hear him. He tiptoes across and looks out of the front of the tent.

Holy cat, dese folks look ominous to me. See dat great big grub-wagon. I don' like de look o' dem big shootin' irons. Miss Cressie, you better come along home wid me. I don' feel to linger roun' here. What-all you doin' in dat Amazon garbage?

She has read the letter.

My darling. How is he?

He fightin' mighty smart, he lay out Greeks like fish on a slab, but I reckon he pretty low in his mind. He certainly count on dat ten-day limit.

I'll write him a note for you to take.

Dere's one thing, Miss Cressie, ef you'll take off yo' helmet. He ask me special to report on yo' eyebrows.

As he says this there are several heavy bangs outside, as of a rifle-butt hammered on a wooden platform. The voice of the sentry calls: Are you all right, miss?—And at the sound, Fuscus is already almost half way through the other side of the tent.

All right, sentry, she says.

I thought I heard you asking for something.

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Just reading to myself. Please don't disturb me again.

Okay, miss.

Fuscus, terrified, comes back a little way. Honey, he whispers, I guess you're right. Dese folks is too nervous for good company.

Listen to me carefully, she says. I'm writing this note, but I daren't go into details. Tell him to look out. The Greeks are planning something big. I don't know what, but something terrible. I don't even know if they'll let me come back as they promised.

Dat's bad, moans Fuscus. Dat aint honorable.

Tell him I love him and I'm doing my best. Tell him you saw me wearing this.—She shows the blue pin, and hastily finishes the note she is writing. Fuscus, again going carefully to look out of the tent, is horrified by a bugle call and distant heavy gunfire.

Dere goes dat ole afternoon barrage. Dat don't sound congenial.

Hurry, she says.

He puts the note in his helmet, adjusts the gas mask, and is gone through the back of the tent.

But an hour later, pouring tea, she has changed her clothes and her mood too. The Greek officers are gallantly attentive; especially Diomedes. Calchas, sitting on the camp bed with Agamemnon and Menelaus, manages to keep the two generals occupied with diagrams and reports, but the younger men are standing close round Cressida. Achilles, Nestor, Ajax and Ulysses keep jostling for preferred position; Diomedes however has established himself firmly at her left side—where he does not interfere with the tea-pouring and has proximity for intimate asides.

For General Agamemnon, she says. He takes two lumps. Don't you think I'm clever to know that already?

You're a quick learner, says Diomedes. He hands the cup to Ajax, repeating: For General Agamemnon.

Two? she asks Ulysses brightly. Think of being able to have all the sugar you want. In Troy, nobody gets more than one. I suppose it's good for the figure.

You don't need to worry, is everybody's thought; but Diomedes says it first.—There's a lot of things you can get here you couldn't get in Troy, he adds.

Especially cucumber sandwiches, she says. Major Nestor, why don't you pass them round.

Yes, for goodness sake, give the girl elbow room, Achilles grumbles; and takes Nestor's place as the old man obediently chases the tray of sandwiches.

This is the way to make a war worth while, says Ajax. Why didn't we think of it sooner?

DIOMEDES—I've been thinking of it right along.

ULYSSES—When I get back to Ithaca I'm going to serve tea every afternoon.

CRESSIDA—If you all stand so close I can't pour.

ACHILLES—I'm afraid the boys forget their manners. It's so long since they had any feminine society.

CRESSIDA—Except at Sarpedoni's.

DIOMEDES—That's not society. That's gymnastics.

AJAX—It's a pity Miss Cressida isn't twins.

ACHILLES—Don't bring that up.

CRESSIDA—It's very sweet of you all to be so flattering. I shall be quite sorry when I have to go. (*There is a moment's embarrassed pause*).

DIOMEDES—When you really get to know us, you won't want to go.

AJAX—Are second cups allowed?

CRESSIDA—Yes indeed. I'm sure you're all thirsty after your hard work. What sort of drill was it today, I heard such unpleasant noises?

ACHILLES—Don't let's talk shop. You know, I'd almost forgotten women wore such pretty clothes.

DIOMEDES—He'd forgotten they wore them at all.

CRESSIDA—If you're rude to each other I'll go and talk to the generals.

ULYSSES—I know what kind of a dress that is, it's a cocktail chiton.

DIOMEDES—It's the kind of thing you wear when you feel reckless, isn't it?

ULYSSES—Penelope used to have one like that, back home.

ACHILLES—But not as pretty.

CRESSIDA—I think I'd better go back and fetch Antigone. Don't you think I'm a bit outnumbered?

DIOMEDES—The Trojans don't appreciate you, darling, or they'd never let you leave.

ACHILLES—Forget about the Trojans, they're in the bag.

AJAX—Don't you think our uniforms are much handsomer than theirs?

But Agamemnon and Menelaus have had all they can endure of Calchas. Time for evening inspection, Agamemnon announces. On duty, gentlemen.

With polite salutes, all retire; but Diomedes lingers a moment after the others.

I thought you might like to have this back, before anyone else sees it. He hands her a paper: she recognizes the note she wrote for Troilus.

Better destroy it, he suggests.

For a moment she cannot speak.—The slave? she asks.

We stopped him, of course. This is an army camp, not a rural free delivery.

I mean—is he—

He's all right. In the usual way, he'd have been tortured, but I got him off. He's lucky.

That was good of you.

I'm always good. I can prove it. . . . Now listen, lovely, don't spoil that pretty face with tears. Maybe you're lucky too. We'll talk about that later.

(*To be continued.*)

Shaw on Music

LONDON MUSIC IN 1888-89 AS HEARD BY CORNO DI BASSETTO (LATER KNOWN AS BERNARD SHAW) WITH SOME FURTHER AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1937. $2.50.

THE most interesting part of this book is the further autobiographical particulars—a long preface purporting to tell how the author received his rather haphazard musical education, and actually condensing into its forty pages a brilliantly written account of his entire childhood and youth. This is Shaw at his best. The rest of the book reprints the columns he wrote, signed "Corno di Bassetto," for T. P. O'Connor's *Morning Star*. Shaw was a vigorous and alert reviewer, full of prejudices (he inserts a footnote to apologize for his early failure to understand Brahms), but always alive to the relation between music and life. When he was bored by the proceedings in Queen's Hall, he would go across the Thames and report an amateur concert in South London. Of course Shaw was never a musicologist, and he often wrote nonsense (as readers of his "London Music in the Nineties," previously collected, already know); but the judgments of a first rate amateur are frequently more significant than those of a second rate pedant. This is not a book to read through, but it is excellent browsing, and the preface makes it a necessity for Shavians. If only Shaw would write his autobiography!

The Great Mind Is at Rest...

BY JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

IT was as though I woke after long months of wind,
And heard no sound.
Listened to hear the old
Crash of night broken elms, the long
Wail of a wind through every wall and door,
And heard no sound.
It was as though I rose and found the walls
Deep in a prairie dust, the windows dark,
And over the dust grey snow;
And heard no sound.

And so,—knowing the great wind quiet,
Hearing no sound of storm,
Hearing the hard compassion of a voice that says
The great wind is at rest,
The great wind will not blow again.—
We are now free to go
About our little business, free to creep
Salvaging broken ash and elm,
Piling the scattered bark to burn
Through the long night and the frost and silence,
Through the life-long silence of this snow.

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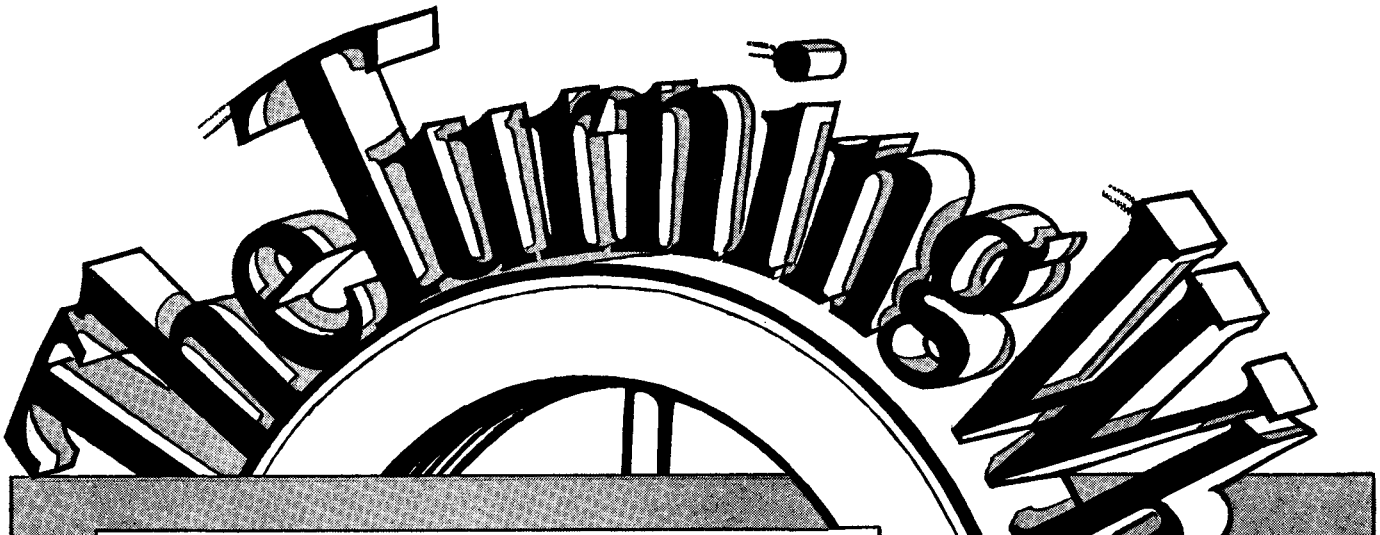

BY STUART CLOETE

A remarkable first novel . . . the fruit of vast knowledge and experience. It is tough-fibred, brutal, and melodramatic, but as luxuriant as the jungle and at times as terrible and beautiful. Sex, love, reproduction, and death are the theme, but zest of living is the spirit. It is a grand yarn."—*R. M. Gay in the Atlantic Monthly*

"There are pages of this book that make the hair stand on end . . . and others of sheer lyric beauty . . . It has unending action and the raw strength of an untamed continent." — *Lewis Gannett in the New York Herald Tribune*

"A passionate, brutal, beautiful narrative . . . Delicate readers may find this story too strong meat. For many others it will be the big novel of the year." — *Chicago News* $2.50

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OLIVER LA FARGE

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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

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America's Day-Dream

(*Continued from page 4*)

These characters are all natural charms, born rabbits' feet. They have done what the self-conscious primitivists in art have not done—cooking up false naivetes like novels written in baby-talk. Rubber Jeeps and not Rivera's bambinos are going to be the century's monument.

In company with the comics, Grant Wood is exploring the regional; American Gothic is something of a cartoon. Benton's figures are active and heroic in a restless comic strip way. Rockefeller and the American Federation of Arts are now conducting the appearance of Cactus Kid at the Paris Exposition; and Cactus Kid would look wholly appropriate in a comic strip, yet he is done quite seriously in the round in china. Even architecture may be feeling the inspiration of Mickey's gods, for as Brer Rabbit is to Mickey, so is the tepee to the trailer. Like a tepee on a travois, the trailer follows its proprietor on the day's march.

So much for art; the picture that you get of our material hopes and fears as they shadow-box in the comic strips is also startling. The primitiveness and genial extravagance of drawing and action that has fired America's artistic imagination is matched and outstripped by the primitiveness and extravagance of the subject matter. The comics range over time and space to the very limits of knowledge and superstition and then beyond. Before and behind and beside us, the funnies advance our empire. A Mr. Am who knows the secret of eternal life comes to console Orphan Annie, and is outdone by Alley Oop, who rides on the head of a dinosaur; and the almost wordless, pointless Peter Piltdown makes Alley Oop look civilized. We have not yet penetrated back of the missing link, but we push ever farther. Ahead is Buck Rogers, as arrested in his affair with Wilma as the figures on the Grecian Urn whose frustration Keats remarked. There is Kit of "Highlights of History" who lives in the world of Natty Bumppo; Pecos Bill with a tenuous hold on our tall story West; Smilin' Jack carrying on the conquest of the air and recently found resisting the opportunity to conquer a China Clipper full of virgin stewardesses—perhaps as new a frontier as any. There is Pat Ryan who teaches China something about Irish-America, and, what is more sinister, Irish-America something about China. The list is endless; and as, more and more, these characters find themselves constructive squirrel-cages, fewer and fewer are destructive and bitter.

The implication of this breadth of subject matter seems to cut many ways from one central motive—the boxedness of America. For instance, the depression made us think that the anchor to windward had better be in a potato patch in the backyard rather than in the savings bank downtown. The New Deal is talking about the small city as the new unit. The Back to Nature Movement is strong in the funnies; the little urban white collar man is disappearing. Moon Mullins, who used to be a drugstore tough guy, is taming lions with a one-ring circus.

"Terry and the Pirates" indicates another new direction. Terry is a thirteen or fourteen year old kid. His friend Pat Ryan is big and powerfully built, with black curly hair, a hot temper, and an enormous contempt of danger. He has an ingenious wit in extracting himself from the scrapes his temper and idealism lead him into. Another companion is Conny, a comic character, a Chinese boy and a cook. Conny has the buck teeth of a woodchuck and the ears of an elephant, and he performs the duty of Greek chorus and low comedian with the same breath. Drifting through the strip are not one but several beautiful women. These are all cast in the same mold, but no man would tire of their uniformity. They all love Pat, and one of the games is to keep Pat pure, American, and yet withal virile. Terry or Conny is the sword in most of the beds that Ryan ably makes for himself and thus Ryan's virility and chastity remain undoubted and untested. There is very little comic in "Terry and the Pirates," only simple adventure ably drawn.

In Terry, then, the new woman foreshadowed in Minnie Mouse has flowered. The iron woman is going out. Powerful Katrinka has declined. The helpless Olive Oyl, Popeye's girl friend, has taken her place. Mrs. Mutt, of Mutt and Jeff and of the rolling-pin, one of the last flowers of a feminist generation, still lingers, but as a carry-over from another decade. The more modern Minnie Mouse is a gentle admirer of her hero. Everywhere beautiful girls grow more common; there was a time when Jigg's daughter was the only eyeful on the page. Now it looks as if Brigham Young would make a successful funnies figure. The New World is a man's world and a hero's world; once more the women cling. And the title of Miss Inside Back Page goes to one of Ryan's beauties.

It all boils down—or, rather, up—into something fairly new. America is a manic-depressive case. Mr. and Mrs., for example, are in the dumps; Mickey is manic. Our national jags and our national neuroses—crime and spinach—are side by side. In the good old days, everyone observed and moralized on the fact that all the comics had sad endings. This is no longer the case. America is getting much more manic than depressive. Popeye, who never loses, dominates the scene. The spirit of Paul Bunyan and Mike Fink still lives in the funnies and still grows, like our chestnut trees, just long enough to reseed itself. Now, again like the chestnuts, it is beginning to come back more boldly. The world of the comics, swollen and very nearly bursting from "Alley Oop" and "Og the Son of Fire" to "Don Dixon and the Hidden Empire" and to Buck Rogers and back again, is hunting for lost worlds and lost magic; and they are finding rather unexpected solutions. They indulge in a kind of guerilla adventure. Pa and Pat Ryan, heroic puzzled victims of adventure, are found dealing with hostile mobs; sex appeal for men has come into fashion again, and in the comics, even before the movies, torsos had begun to glisten regularly and muscles to bulge, particularly the bull-like cord that rises over the back of the neck. The hero is returning, and you begin to be afraid it's because there's going to be a need for him.

Russia and the C.I.O. are not admitted to the funnies. The movements of the academic left do not appeal to the imagination because they have been intellectualized. The country may follow Orphan Annie's Mr. Am—he looks suspiciously like Dr. Townsend behind a false beard—but nothing less. America wants Magic, not Logic. It does not want a Lenin, but a Jeep or a King-fish.

Lovell Thompson is on the staff of Houghton Mifflin Co. Readers of The Saturday Review *will recall his article on the Sears-Roebuck catalogue in our Spring Announcement Number.*

Good Turn for Drama

DISCOVERING DRAMA. By Elizabeth Drew. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

DURING recent years the theater's tail has not only been making mighty efforts to wag the dog but has, in even more flagrant violation of biologic norms, been doing most of the barking. Those who feel that scenery is all that matters, those whose confidence that all things stem from the director never flags, the ones who believe that the actors, and the actors only, make the play, or that it is all done—or will shortly all be done—by the electrician—all these vociferous partisans have disagreed on most points, but still have found a point of union. Their point may be summed up simply: "The play—phooey!"

The basic importance of Miss Drew's book to those who feel the theater to be important is that she will have none of this. When she reads in the gospel according to Norman-Bel Geddes that it is the director who "finally brings a script to life" she is annoyed. "At the production of a child," she retorts, acidly, "the midwife is not really as important as the mother." And she suspects, moreover, that the present tendency to reverse the importance of these roles in the theater has damaged the theater, and kept away from it people who—quaintly, old-fashionedly—want to go to the theater to see and hear plays.

There is much more to her admirable book than this argument, but this argument runs through it as a connecting strand. Her examples are sometimes debatable, but her thesis does not seem to me in the least debatable. By advancing it with so much skill and so reasonably she has done a good turn for drama when it needed one.

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The Olive Branch in the Mailed Fist

BRITAIN FACES GERMANY. By A. L. Kennedy. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $1.50.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

THE destiny of Germany, which successive generations of British statesmen have sought to interpret in terms of their historic balance of power policy, remains one unchanging problem in a notoriously changing world. The paralyzing defeat at Versailles merely stimulated a vigorous people to renew their efforts to build a powerful nation east of the Rhine. Even the antipathy of the French, supported by diplomatic and military hegemony on the Continent, failed to check this German renaissance, with the result that large portions of the Versailles Treaty have been unilaterally destroyed. As the unhappy arbiter in western Europe, Great Britain has thus far failed to discover an outlet for German ambitions which would not at the same time menace the precarious balance of power.

It is gratifying to encounter an English commentary upon this dilemma which does not smugly shift the entire blame upon Herr Hitler. Mr. Kennedy, formerly assistant foreign editor of *The Times*, has carefully appraised the post-war sequence of events in an intelligent effort to find a practical basis for agreement. His contribution lies not in the collection of original data, for little is added to the more elaborate studies already available, but rather in his refreshingly impartial approach to German demands. The increasing intransigence of Hitler, he finds, is due in part to the character of the Nazi movement and its leader, and in part to the ineptitudes of British diplomacy, especially in the hands of Sir John Simon, whose grievous inadequacy at the Foreign Office is sharply criticized. The failure to distinguish between the legitimate and illegitimate demands of Germany has both aggravated the European discord and humiliated Great Britain. On many occasions the British failed, in the face of French opposition, to satisfy the valid claims of Brüning and Hitler to equal status respecting armaments. Submission to the violation of the Locarno Treaty, on the other hand, gave full reign to "gangsterism" in German policy. By thus wavering between concession and coercion, the British have strengthened Hitler without safeguarding their own interests.

The unique contribution which Great Britain can make, Mr. Kennedy believes, lies in a settlement of the colonial question, even though the economic reasoning of Dr. Schacht may not be entirely valid. Relinquishment of Sierra Leone, Gambia, Togoland, and the Cameroons, in return for German concessions on the subject of propaganda, might effect a rapprochement which would permit later negotiations on disarmament and collective security. The colonial olive branch should be offered, however, in a mailed fist of rearmament. If Hitler declines to accept a genuine British offer of friendship, he should understand that further illegal action will be met by force. Concession and coercion are thus effectively combined into a single policy. It is to be hoped that this sensible book will be carefully studied at Whitehall, for it far exceeds the wisdom manifested there in recent years.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH ON THE BORDER *Raymond Holden* (Holt: $2.)	Pvt. Anderson, U.S.A., masquerades as his Colonel, and, with lovely but uncertain lady, clears up killings.	Nefarious doings on both sides of Mexican border keep yarn moving in jig time—both on land and in air.	Satisfactory
THRILLING TRIUMPHS OF CRIME DETECTION *George Barton* (McKay: $2.)	Famous factual detective successes described—from classic "Lyons Mail" affair (1796) to Urschel kidnapping.	Interesting (although somewhat pedestrian) rewrite of 18 famous cases which can always stand another reading.	For the data file
BLIND DRIFTS *C. B. Clason* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murders in Colo. gold mine claim interest of T. L. Westborough, who uncovers much skullduggery—and an underground "vug."	Westborough's shrewdly pedantic sleuthing almost equaled by much fascinating dope on mines and mining methods.	Entertaining
MURDER UP MY SLEEVE *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Unsavory Chinatown bond-broker killed with strange Celestial weapon. Terry Clane threads devious paths to unexpected finish.	Clane, Occidental with knowledge of sinuous Chinese mental processes, gets good, if uneven, start on trail P. Mason broke.	Ingenious
DEAD MAN TALKS TOO MUCH *Weed Dickinson* (Lippincott: $2.)	Hollywood gigolo and screen queen exterminated. Press Agt. Haley and Detective Calhoun figure out the answer.	Studio atmosphere, blackmail, flip dialogue (somewhat phony), and solution that may elevate experts' eyebrows.	Medium

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The Middle Ages

EUROPE, 300-1500. By James Westfall Thompson and Edgar Nathaniel Johnson. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1937. $5.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

IT is the fashion to bemoan the fact that history has become professional and academic, that Clio is no longer served by a Gibbon, a Macaulay, or a Parkman. However that may be, it is certain that our manuals of history for students and general readers are far more interesting and appetizing than the dreary, unillustrated digests of laws and lists of kings and battles which made history so deservedly unpopular a subject with the schoolboy of yesterday. The admirable and numerous illustrations in this survey of medieval Europe by Professors Thompson and Johnson ought to make it palatable to the most confirmed hater of old-style history. There is, however, plenty of the meat of solid fact in their book; the dates are there, and the Constitutions of Clarendon, and the struggle between Papacy and Empire, and all the rest. But there are also details of the life of the common people, of architecture and sculpture, of monastic life, of chivalry, and of literature which our grandfathers had to seek in Sir Walter Scott. Professor Johnson has taken as his base a survey Professor Thompson wrote some years ago, modernized and extended it, and made of it a thoroughly satisfactory introduction to the study of medieval Europe.

The Middle Ages are a particularly testing period to write about. In spite of the efforts of several generations of trained scholars, anyone who tries to put together the facts they have dug up is bound to be affected by the ideas he has formed of the period as a whole. There are the ardent lovers of an age which seems to them to have sought Beauty and Truth without our materialistic blindfold; and there are the equally ardent haters of an age which seems to them to have been cruel, superstitious, unprogressive, and very unsanitary. Both lovers and haters have written the history of the Middle Ages. Professors Thompson and Johnson have almost managed a balanced attitude, leaning ever so slightly towards affection, as is perhaps normal with men who have devoted their lives to a subject. But they are almost as far from neo-Thomist enthusiasm as they are from the kind of systematic depreciation evident in the work of men like Mr. Coulton or Mr. Harry Elmer Barnes. They weave their "new" history—social, economic, intellectual—in very well with the old political and institutional history. They are aware of the importance of Byzantium and of the fact that the German "Drang nach Osten" was one of the major legacies of the Middle Ages. Their history is therefore not, as so many even of quite recent ones have been, hardly more than a history of France and England, with side glances at the Crusades and the Holy Roman Empire. It is a well-balanced, readable, and thoroughly modern survey of a difficult field.

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The New Books

Biography

BRISBANE. By Oliver Carlson. Stackpole. 1937. $3.

This "candid biography" has the virtue of not idealizing its subject and of depicting him in proper proportions. Mr. Carlson is under no illusion about the manner of man Brisbane was, and makes no attempt to soften the shortcomings of either his employer Hearst or himself. Brisbane, he says, failed completely in the field of political philosophy; he covered a perfectly commonplace attitude toward life with a veneer of religious and moral precepts; he had a mania for money, and though he could be generous to individuals on occasions never gave lavishly to charity and died without having bequeathed anything to alleviate the ills of the suffering. "My father taught me," Brisbane used to say of Albert Brisbane, socialist, reformer, and Brook Farmer, "that if I died without doing anything to help the lot of the common people my life would have been a failure and the hottest place in hell would have been too good for me." But his life, according to his biographer, was one long negation of all that his father had stood for, and except for the millions of words expended in their behalf—often dubiously—he held little concourse with the workingman. "With his mind and his body and his heart he had gone over to his father's enemies, and they claimed him as their own."

By way of contrast to the son's career Mr. Carlson has prefaced his account of it with a study of the father which makes both more interesting and more inspiriting reading than the rest of the narrative. There will doubtless be many to dispute the verdict he renders on the journalist but it is safe to say that they will be found among the ranks of those who regarded Arthur Brisbane's words as gospel and not among those who looked upon him as one of the most reprehensible influences on contemporary American life.

A. L.

THE RECTORY FAMILY. By John Franklin Carter. Coward-McCann. 1937. $2.50.

Ready-made phrases are not easily applied to Mr. Carter's book, which is a nostalgic, highly personal account of his boyhood and youth in a New England that is (if we are to believe him) gone beyond recall. Before the war, as the author points out, the region around Williamstown still turned to Boston as to the sun, in spite of the rival attractions of New York. New England ideas and ideals flourished obstinately even in the far from Puritan atmosphere in which the young Carters were brought up. Theirs was a discreetly adequate existence, with overtones of Episcopalian comfort and academic dignity. Both parents worked hard, the clerical father and the charming, less conventional mother performing prodigies in order to raise and educate their numerous brood of children, yet it could hardly be said that any of the family had a difficult struggle for life. Williamstown was not expensive, yet was amusing enough. Relatives of all sorts, including many "dear little cousins," visiting clergymen, and patronizing bishops, hired men, horses, and dogs played their parts in this tranquil yet never dull routine. The yearly round was broken by the great American institution of summering by the sea. The Carter summers ranged from Maine to Nantucket, but were always strictly New England in locale and character.

Mr. Carter's introduction claims, with some exaggeration, that the past thirty years have swept all this away. He is more accurate in stating that before he emerged from college the supply of nicely educated young New Englanders had begun to exceed the world's demand for the commodity. There is no use taking too seriously the amiable thesis on which Mr. Carter has based his excursion into the recent past. The book serves its purpose admirably and gives us an excellent retrospective view of a bit of New England in transition. Unlike Mr. Day's more artful family chronicles, it fails to stress the apparently inconsequential dramas to be found in the bosom of any household, and for this reason may not appeal greatly to readers whose orbits do not parallel that of the author. But it must have been fun to write.

T. P., Jr.

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Fiction

THE MERRY, MERRY MAIDENS. By Helen Grace Carlisle. Harcourt, Brace. 1937. $2.50.

Miss Carlisle's book will doubtless eventually strut its day on the screen and in the meanwhile prove a popular favorite in the rental library. It has the rapid narrative, the sweet sentimentality, and the colorful incident that are the sure-fire formula for a certain type of success. As for its story, that is told by a woman of middle age whose daughter is about to repeat her own early experiment in forming a club of school friends. The young girl's plan evokes in the mother memories of her own group and in recollection she rehearses the career of each of her friends from adolescence to the present. The thread of their lives is interwoven, shuttling back and forth from one to the other, and worked into a pattern by their common friendship for the narrator. She, through her interest and at times by her connivance, saves one marriage from wreck, another from never coming off, and generally spreads oil on the troubled waters. On the whole the book is hardly more than a juvenile for adults.

A. L.

THE PIECES OF A FAN. By Vincent Sheean. Doubleday, Doran. 1937. $2.50.

Readers of "Personal History" will look in vain in this collection of agreeable and time-beguiling short stories for the fire and conviction that made so memorable Mr. Sheean's account of the life and death of Rayna Prohme. He has assembled a group of reasonably interesting people, against varied backgrounds and in suitably dramatic situations, but not once has he made a human being come alive. In

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Authors of the Week

Upton Sinclair

Over thirty years ago Upton Sinclair participated in a government investigation of the Chicago stockyards, and as a result of his intimate view of that bloody industry, he wrote "The Jungle"—an attack on the packers that swept the country and went into edition after edition abroad. It remains the best-known of his many novels. Early in his career (he was born in Baltimore in 1878) he became a Christian Socialist. Most of his novels have been indictments of some phase or other of capitalistic society. Out of five novels, from 1900 to 1906, he made less than a thousand dollars, but "The Jungle" brought him thirty thousand, and he invested it in a socialist colony called Helicon Hall, where the novelist Sinclair Lewis once tended the furnace, before the whole place burned down. Upton Sinclair has devoted his life to socialist theory and propaganda. He has been a socialist candidate for Congress, and most recently for Governor of California. Today he publishes his own writings at Pasadena, California. Abroad he is considered one of America's major writers, being most popular in Russia, next in Germany, and thirdly in Japan.

"The Flivver King," by Upton Sinclair, is reviewed on page 11.

Mary M. Colum

Mrs. Colum is a member of one of the most famous writing teams of contemporary letters. Her husband is, of course, Padraic Colum, Irish poet and dramatist and reteller of myths for children. Mrs. Colum was also born in Ireland, her maiden name being Maguire. She is a graduate of the National University of Ireland, Dominican College, Dublin, and the Pensionnat Sacré Cœur of Vaals, Holland. She came to the United States with her husband over twenty years ago and has lived here ever since. She has been literary critic of the *Century Magazine* and later of the *Forum*, and contributor to the leading reviews. In 1930 she was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship in literary criticism.

"From These Roots," by Mary M. Colum, is reviewed on page 6.

Lilian T. Mowrer

Mrs. Mowrer met her husband romantically on the train to Liverpool where she was to establish herself as a speech specialist and potential playwright. They fell to discussing the Sorbonne in Paris, where they had both studied. He returned to America, but they corresponded constantly, met again in Paris, and were married in England during the World War. Since then his wife has accompanied her husband everywhere, to wartime France, Rome, Venice under bombardment, San Remo, Germany, Italy and France again, Stalin's Russia, and King Zog's Albania, among other places. Twenty years of rich kaleidoscopic existence far different from the quiet studious life they originally planned! Their friends are legion, scattered all over Europe. They have a fourteen-year-old daughter, Diana Jane.

"Journalist's Wife," by Lilian T. Mowrer, is reviewed on page 7.

Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club

GENERAL VON STEUBEN

By JOHN McAULEY PALMER

"To most Americans General von Steuben is a shadowy figure who stands out from their schooldays in the single guise of the drill master of the Revolution. But as General Palmer pictures him in this lively biography, he is of the stuff of which drama and romance are woven. General Palmer has drawn a vivid picture of the man and his activities . . . hardly less interesting in its portrayal of von Steuben's later life than in that of his earlier, more eventful one. A painstaking piece of historical research, his biography is a fascinating human interest story."—*Amy Loveman* in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*. Second big printing. Illustrated. $4.00

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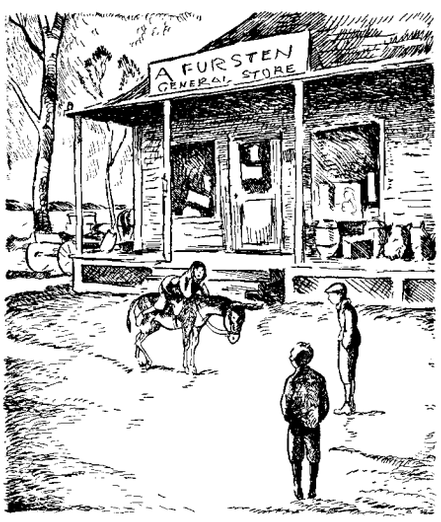
BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MOST of us cherish a private collection of books discovered in our childhood and early youth—a collection of titles sentimentally suggesting to us that children's literature in the past was better than it is today. As we grow older we become more reluctant to admit that contemporary writers for children are of the calibre of those we remember. We forget that we are more apt to refer to notable volumes exceptional in any era, than to the whole of the past. We believe, for instance, that there have never been such wonderlands as those of Lewis Carroll (English) or of Charles E. Carryl (American). One even recalls fondly such old *St. Nicholas* serials as "The White Cave" or "The Lakerim Athletic Club," the latter being the earliest opus of that later voluminous romancer for adults, Rupert Hughes. There were the boys' books of Kirk Munroe, to say nothing of the interminable but vastly popular works of G. A. Henty. There was Miss Alcott for girls—and so on. There are landmarks like "Tom Sawyer," "Uncle Remus," "The Story of a Bad Boy." Certainly, however, these different authors were not all of the same rank, though their diverse and incomparable merits still exist for us in the same golden light. It is more a question of indelible first impressions; and we forget that the young of today are receiving impressions quite as indelible from the books of today that are written for children. For instance, not so long ago I realized that to a boy now turned twenty Clarence E. Mulford's stories of one "Hopalong Cassidy" had been as "classic" as my earlier intense admiration made the copiously illustrated works of Howard Pyle!

Looking over the season's array of children's books, it does not seem to me that the demand and supply have altered very greatly, though the nature of the informative books has naturally changed with the times. Yet a hardy perennial of my own youth is present this Fall with two new volumes! He is, of course, the Ralph Henry Barbour whose first athletic and school stories I devoured, when "The Arrival of Jimpson" and "The Halfback" were new publications. Now the books he has written total some eighty volumes. Several new crops of boys since my time have found him still to their liking.

How is it with the young ladies? Books about girls at school and girls at college still seem popular, though today there are many more books about girls making their own living in all sorts of occupations. And so far as picture-books for the young are concerned, simple tales, and nonsense fantasy, there seem to be rather more good ones today than there were in the past. Only recently Munro Leaf and Robert Lawson produced that masterpiece, "Ferdinand," which won the suffrages not only of younger children but of many adults as well.

If our own time boasts no "Swiss Family Robinson," it is entirely possible that the modern child may in the future look back nearly as fondly to Maude Smith Delavan's "The Rumelhearts of Rampler Avenue" (Stokes: $1.50). For though we also enjoyed gay tales of gypsy "caravans" in England, here in the present season is the modern equivalent: a scatter-brained and footloose American family traveling light-heartedly in an old Ford and a trailer of home manufacture! But I am anticipating a bit. Suppose we search the bookshelves first for the smaller fry, for picture-book, rhyme, and so on.



Drawing by Kurt Wiese, from "High Water."

For the Very Young

Even so tiny a book as "How Percival Caught the Python" (Holiday House: $1), by Percival Stutters, is an originally-illustrated minimum of amusing text. Munro Leaf, this time illustrated by Ludwig Bemelmans, presents "Noodle" (Stokes: $1.50) as a philosophic brown dachshund of whom Hendrik Van Loon would certainly approve. One of the most amusing "cuckoo" illustrators of our time, he who signs himself "Dr. Seuss," has rhymed, drawn, and colored "And to Think I Saw It On Mulberry Street" (Vanguard: $1) in which a plain horse and wagon grow to proportions—but the fantastic pictures must be seen to be appreciated! And certainly fit to rank with the old-time English picture-books with rhymes is "This Year: Next Year" (Holt: $2.50), by Walter de la Mare and Harold Jones, the latter a delicately old-fashioned artist for whose work in color the well-known poet has supplied rhymed accompaniment with his own inimitable touch. Ludwig Bemelmans all by himself produces the brightly-colored and fantastic story of "Castle No. 9" (Viking: $2), John Cary Jamison makes up a new sort of Mother Goose in "Red Fox Rhymes" (Dutton: $1.50), illustrated by Elizabeth Tazelaar, and Helen Dean Fish revives old nursery rhymes in "Four and Twenty Blackbirds" (Stokes: $1.50), illustrated by "Ferdinand"'s Robert Lawson.

"Noodle"—drawing by Ludwig Bemelmans.

There is a newcomer, too, to whom I am sure the late Joel Chandler Harris would have doffed his broad-brimmed hat. She is Elvira Garner of Sanford, Florida, with a natural untrained gift for expressive thumbnail sketches, who has written and illustrated the story of a little colored boy of Sanford, "Ezekiel" (Holt: $1.50) who could boast a sister, Emancipation; a brother, Lil' Plural, and a baby relative, Assafetida. The tale in Negro dialect is delicious and unique. Yes, and if you grieve too sorely for the days of "Davy and the Goblin," there is, at least, Selskar M. Gunn's "The Doings of Dinkie" (Appleton-Century: $1.50) where fantastic animals adventure in a wonderworld of their own. If "Alice in Wonderland" sprang from the brain of a mathematician, the above is no less the work of an eminent bacteriologist! Nor should one overlook the Snipp, Snapp, Snurr stories of three little Swedish boys, of which "The Big Surprise" (Albert Whitman: $1), by Maj Lindman, is the latest. Good too are such fairy stories as "The Knitting Grasshopper" (Holt: $1.50), by Miriam Teichner, "Moonshine in Candle Street" (Longmans: $1.75), by Constance Savery, illustrated by Birch, and the first children's book from Modern Age Books, Inc., paper-backed and selling for twenty-five cents, "Red Feather" by Marjorie Fischer.

All Kinds of Animals

The very young are never tired of animal stories, be the animals large or small, fantastically treated or otherwise. Marjorie Flack has a way with the former, and her latest, "Walter the Lazy Mouse" (Doubleday, Doran: $2), is delightful both in the writing and the drawing. Rita Kissin and Joel Stolper have done well with "Pete the Pelican" (Holt: $1.50), and from the same firm at the same price, James Hull's "The Stage-Struck Seal" should be mentioned. That talented head of the juvenile department of Dodd, Mead, Dorothy Bryan, with her sister Marguerite, furnishes a good picture-book for very small boys, "Bobby Wanted a Pony" ($1). Walter Brooks, whose "Freginald" came last year, has a new rollicking fantasy, featuring animals, in "The Clockwork Twin" (Knopf: $2), and again I wish to praise Clare Turlay Newberry's kitten books, "Mittens" last year, and now

(*Continued on page* 24)

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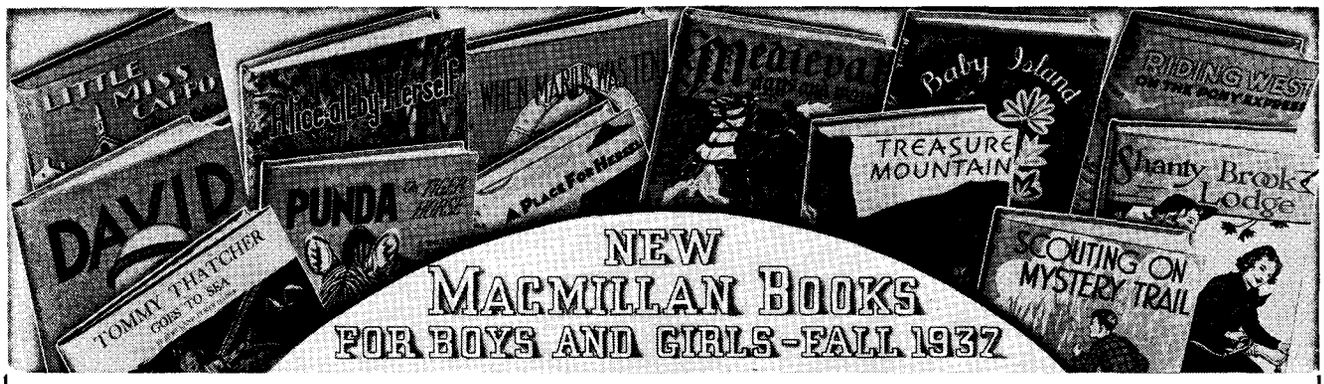

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A "Jules Verne" of our day. The story of the Terribore, which drills through the toughest metals, and travels like an armored tank. The book won the recent $1,500 English Prize for the best modern story for boys. $2.00

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from page 22*)

the no less delectable "Babette" (Harpers: $1.50). Such marvelous little cats! And Zhenya Gay's pedigreed Siamese in "Sakimura" (Viking: $1.50) is nearly as good. Richard W. Hatch talentedly does both story and illustrations for "The Curious Lobster" (Harcourt, Brace: $2) and Scribner presents us with the more realistic "The Polar Bear Twins" written by Jane Tompkins and illustrated by the omnipresent Kurt Wiese. "Mrs. Bobbity's Crust," by Margaret and Mary Baker (Dodd, Mead: $1.75), concerns two hungry sparrows and is notable for the accomplished silhouette illustrations, while Paul T. Gilbert's "Bertram" (Rand, McNally: $1) involves such fabulous creatures as the Unicorn, the Roc, and the Miki-Miki.

Our American Past

Rootedly American stories both of the past and the present are prevalent today. And the past seems to preponderate! Phil Stong and Kurt Wiese have proved a successful combination before this. (You will recall their "Honk the Moose.") Now, in "High Water" (Dodd, Mead: $2) an inimitable Mexican burro takes the principal role in a tale of the flooded Des Moines river. Carolyn Sherwin Bailey, illustrated by Grace Paull, gives us in "Toys and Whistles" (Viking: $2) some true stories of early American toys and children. "The Nightingale House," by Elizabeth Palmer (Scribners: $1.75), belongs to a little Swedish girl in early Minnesota, "On the Banks of Plum Creek," by Laura Ingalls Wilder (Harpers: $2), concerns an American pioneer family, and "Susan, Beware!" by Mabel Leigh Hunt (Stokes: $1.75), presents an Indiana girl in the '70s.

Glen Rounds writes in "Lumbercamp" (Holiday House: $2) authentically of the new Whistle Punk at Camp Fifteen "Up Horse Crick Way," while quite differently Ethel Parton adds to her gallery of little girls of old America with "Vinny Applegay" (Viking: $2) who lives over near Stuyvesant Square in New York just after the Civil War. Irving Bacheller has a story of the young Abe Lincoln in "A Boy for the Ages" (Farrar & Rinehart: $2), and the dependable Lois Lenski writes and illustrates a pioneer story called "A-Going to the Westward" (Stokes: $2). In "Over the Blue Wall" (University of North Carolina Press: $2) Etta L. Matthews has done, incidentally, a most readable history for the young of the Spanish and French explorations, the opening of the Mississippi Valley, and the revolt of the Colonies, to which the vigorous illustrations and maps of James Daugherty are a useful adjunct.

Other Times, Other Lands

In the good old days there were always stories of children of other times and other lands. We all recall Mary Mapes Dodge's classic, "Hans Brinker." Today shows an increase in such books. Alice Lide and Margaret Johansen tell us of a medieval small boy's journey to the great trade fair of Cologne in "The Secret of the Circle" (Longmans: $1.75) for which Vera Brock's illustrations are fantastically just right. Of great charm is the brightly colored story of a lively little French Canadian girl in "Petite Suzanne" (Doubleday, Doran: $2), by Marguerite de Angeli. Marie Colmont's "The Winter Nightingale" (Coward-McCann: $2) won the French *Prix Jeunesse*. Roger Duvoisin, who did the Heritage Press "Mother Goose" last year, has brightened the pages of Kathleen Morrow Elliot's "Riema" (Knopf: $2) about a little brown girl of Java. Le Roy Baldridge and his wife Caroline Singer give us "Ali lives in Iran" (Holiday House: $1.75), and Rita Kissin, this time by herself, has staked a claim to Dettelbach-on-the-Main, an old Bavarian town where she spent her childhood, in "Chimney-Sweep Tower" (Holt: $2), while Benson Wheeler and Claire Lee Pardy show us the boy Mozart in "My Brother Was Mozart" (Holt: $2.50), illustrated by Nadejen. For obvious reasons I cannot review "The Boy Shelley" (Dodd, Mead: $2), by Laura Benét. It will get notice later by some one not her brother.

Speaking of the past, the firm of Coward-McCann has revived a story first published some thirty years ago. It is "The Weans of Rowallan" by Kathleen Fitzpatrick, now issued with a new introduction by Walter de la Mare and new pictures by Peggy Bacon—County Down, Ireland, being the terrain of the little girl Honeybird's adventures. The Gaspé Peninsula is the scene of Emma Brock's "The Pig with a Front Porch" (Knopf: $1.75), and the life of the Indians of Brazil makes exciting "Red Jungle Boy" by Elizabeth K. Steen (Harcourt: $2).

Books That Teach

This brings us to the really informative books for youngsters. They seem to me constantly to improve in ingenuity and scope. You can range from the simple and clear exposition of how an automobile functions in "Tin Lizzy and How She Ran," by Adam Allen (Stackpole: $1.50), which is photographically illustrated, to Donald Culross Peattie's "A Child's Story of the World," from the earliest days to our own time (Simon & Schuster: $2.50). The latter is strikingly decorated by

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Naomi Averill. Three allied volumes are "The Earth Changes," by Jannette May Lucas and Helene Carter (Lippincott: $2.50), with remarkable maps to show how the earth looked in each period after the pre-Cambrian; "Animals on the March," by W. Maxwell Reed and (again) Jannette May Lucas (Harcourt, Brace: $3), illustrated with striking photographs of the evolution of all kinds of animals; and "Life Long Ago: The Story of Fossils" (Reynal and Hitchcock: $3.50), by C. L. Fenton, in which we encounter prehistoric animals, and learn from photographs, drawings, and a few magnificent color plates, how the autobiographies of creatures have been written in the rock from age to age. Ancient Egypt is presented in three books, the first a pictured story for younger children called "Once Upon a Time in Egypt," by Frances Kent Gere (Longmans: $2), the second the story of an Egyptian boy of the time of Khufu, "Messenger to Pharaoh," by De Wolfe Morgan (same publisher), and the third a novel for older youth, "The Lost Queen of Egypt," by Lucile Morrison (Stokes: $2.50). "Moi," by Marie Chardin, published at 26 East 68th Street, New York ($1.60), and illustrated by Bess Bethell, is a most practical little book to teach American children French. It has been approved by leading French teachers and has a carefully graded text, with subject matter to hold the child's interest. "Christmas Carols," by Hendrik Willem Van Loon and Grace Castagnetta (Simon & Schuster: $2) is an arrangement of the most famous carols fully illustrated with Mr. Van Loon's inimitable drawings in color, and done into simple music so that anyone who can play at all can play them to a child. Finally, for all young people who wish to begin knowing about astronomy, there is Professor Robert H. Baker's "Introducing the Constellations" (Viking: $2.50), a sequel to his "When the Stars Come Out."

Novels for Girls

A good proportion of the older fiction is for girls. One interesting development in writing for them has been the entry of the occupational specialist into the field. Thus, Sara Pennoyer, author of "Polly Tucker, Merchant" (Dodd, Mead: $2), is one who, after just such a varied career as her heroine's, became advertising manager for Jay Thorpe and is now Fashion Promotion Director of Bonwit Teller. Likewise Emma Bugbee, staff reporter of the *New York Herald-Tribune,* uses her own personal experience when she follows up her "Peggy Covers the News" with "Peggy Covers Washington" (Dodd, Mead: $2). Well-known writers for girls who contribute novels this season are Josephine Daskam Bacon ("The House by the Road," Appleton-Century: $2), Maristan Chapman ("The Girls of Glen Hazard," same firm: $2), Florence Cromwell Means ("The Singing Wood," Houghton Mifflin: $2), and Rose B. Knox ("Footlights Afloat," Doubleday, Doran: $2). School and college life are, of course, treated in several novels. Mrs. Means, for instance, uses coeducational college life in California. In "The Great Tradition" (Houghton Mifflin: $2) by Marjorie Hill Allee we are introduced to student life in

(*Continued on page 27*)

A Message to Parents . . .

about Books for Children

These children's books are the happy medium between the blood-curdling tales that warp or overstimulate their pliant imaginations . . . and the wishy-washy things 'written down' to children.

They are intelligently planned for the systematic development of the modern child's mind and imagination—but without sacrificing a bit of the action and adventure and color that real youth loves so well! The illustrations are bright, up-to-date—not old-fashioned. The language is the child's own. These books have not only won more than their share of acclaim from parents and teachers—but, more important, are receiving enthusiastic applause from the boys and girls themselves!

For Boys and Girls 10-12 Years of Age and Up

CHINA QUEST. By ELIZABETH FOREMAN LEWIS, author of Young Fu, Newbery Medal Winner. A young American's exciting adventures traveling with a Chinese boy in China. 45 Kurt Wiese illustrations, 4 in full color. **$2.00**

WINGS OVER ASIA. By LOWELL THOMAS and REX BARTON. New sky trails blazed to far-off oriental fastnesses and the fantastic customs of the places visited. 150 photographs and maps. **$2.00**

SILVER CHIEF TO THE RESCUE. By JACK O'BRIEN. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. More of the brave exploits of this heroic dog in the Canadian wilds. 40 illustrations, 5 in color. **$2.00**

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING. An Anthology of American Folk Poetry. Compiled by RUTH A. BARNES. Introduction by Carl Van Doren. Over 40 illustrations by Robert Lawson, 11 in 2 colors. **$2.00**

JEAN & CO., UNLIMITED. By HELEN PERRY CURTIS. Brand new treatment of the "American schoolgirl abroad" theme! Colored endpapers, 28 illustrations by Grace Paull. **$2.00**

EASTWARD SWEEPS THE CURRENT. By ALIDA SIMS MALKUS. The picturesque brown-skinned Pacific Islanders who reached America 10 centuries before Columbus! Illustrations by Dan Sweeney in color and black and white. **$2.00**

SWORDS AND STATUES. By CLARENCE STRATTON. Young Carlo Brunelli in the 16th century Rome—when adventure stalked the streets! Splendid illustrations, colored frontispiece by Robert Lawson. **$2.00**

For Boys and Girls Up to 10-12 Years of Age

JOAN WANTED A KITTY. By JANE BROWN GEMMILL. The delightful easy-to-read story of Joan and her brother Peter. Over 100 illustrations of cats and people by Marguerite de Angeli. Ages 6-8. **$2.00**

THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS HOUSE. Written and illustrated by STEPHEN BONE and MARY ADSHEAD. All about the world the child lives in. 74 illustrations, 14 in 4 colors. Ages 6-8. **$2.00**

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Bringing up Parents

CHILDHOOD: The Beginning Years and Beyond. Edited by the Association for Childhood Education. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1937. 5 *vols.* $19.50.

Reviewed by MAY WOOD WIGGINTON

THESE books are for parents, and their well executed aim is to give normal parents of normal children in the average American home sensible but authoritative advice as to the modern scientific care of their children and the development of character and personality.

Volume I, "Health, Physical, Mental and Emotional," is by Richard M. Smith and Douglas A. Thom. The former is a leading specialist, practising in Boston, the author of two unsurpassed books, "The Baby's First Two Years," and "From Infancy to Childhood"; and the latter is professor of psychiatry at Tufts College medical school and author of "Everyday Problems of the Everyday Child."

This volume, like others of these authors, is practical and sensible. It presents the bringing up of children as a delightful and rewarding occupation. The approach is modern but never extreme and the advice would lead to happy family relationships and wholesome attitudes. It begins with the preparation for the baby's arrival and proceeds through feeding and training and habit forming to intellectual and social development.

Volume II, "Play, The Child's Response to Life," is by Rose H. Alschuler and Christine Heinig. It contains suggestions and directions for games and parties, for indoor and outdoor play, for entertaining sick children, and for the furnishing of children's rooms. Pleasures the whole family can enjoy together are emphasized, as well as inexpensive ways of making toys and creating amusement.

Volume III, "Nature, The Child Goes Forth," by Bertha Stevens, author of "The Child and the Universe," is truly a unique book, not so much for nature study as to inspire grown ups to see the beauties of star, stone, and blossom and the wonders of structure and growth. Beautiful photographs illustrate the marvelous formations of seedpod, cobweb, and insect. A book simply written, as are all these volumes, but imaginative and joyous, inviting to beach and woods and fields. Fathers and mothers reading this book will be given knowledge and ideas by which they can introduce their children to nature, and through nature, to science.

Volume IV, "Stories and Verse," compiled by Mary Lincoln Morse in collaboration with Dorothy Baruch, Jean Betzner, Frances Kern, and Eloise Ramsey, contains a selection calculated to give a child a rich heritage of prose and poetry. There is an excellent chapter on story telling and one on verse and its use, written with a deep feeling for what poetry can mean to the person who has been given, in his youth, an understanding of it.

Volume V, "Songs from Many Lands," compiled by Thomas Whitney Surette with musical arrangements by Kathleen Uhler, has not been examined by this reviewer.

The large print, gay bindings, and attractive but rather juvenile illustrations as well as the uniform simple and readable style of all the volumes suggest that the authors and publishers had in mind the average American family, where books are not too numerous and where scientific child study is needed. They recognized the universal desire in such families to give their children opportunities for normal and well adjusted lives.

Parent's Assistant

WHAT BOOKS FOR CHILDREN? By Josette Frank. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THERE is no field of literature in which selection is more difficult than in that of books for children. The difficulty is inherent in the nature of the case for until childhood passes over into adolescence the choice must represent not the desires of the child but the opinions of the parent, and the opinions of even the most judicious parent are a compound of judgment and sentiment. Almost all adults turn with affectionate remembrance to certain of the books that delighted their own youth and because they reveled in them feel that their children should do likewise. Yet there is no guarantee in their enthusiasm for the appreciation of youngsters brought up in a world whose conventions and outlook have undergone change. To impose upon the child the taste of his elders may be to discourage in him the very love of reading which it is the desire of the parent to instill.

It is the great merit of Miss Frank's book that while she upholds a belief in the "standard" she lays down no cut and dried formula for what constitutes the good. For her the great objective is to imbue the child with enjoyment of reading, and if that is to be arrived at by his consuming what may sometimes be the trivial she prefers that to stunting his inclinations by forcing upon him what he regards as dull. From the nursery through the teens she takes up the type of book that is likely to appeal to each period, examining it in the light of what are the dominant interests at any given age, but allowing the widest leeway for variations of taste and inclination. Her discussion is admirably balanced, sane, and informed, and is followed by lists which are catholic and well-chosen. There is much sound common sense in her discussion of the forces that make for discrimination in reading and of the effect of books on character; there is much, too, in this latter which will be regarded by some as heretical. Parents in search of guidance on what should be the general course of reading for their children can turn to Miss Frank's volume with assurance of help.

Here Comes the Harper Book Parade

BABETTE By Clare Turlay Newberry

Remember Mittens, the kitten with six toes? Here's Babette, the Christmas kitten—right up to scratch! A delightful story with beautiful pictures. Ages 6 to 10. $1.50. (Boxed with Mittens, $3.00)

ON THE BANKS OF PLUM CREEK

By Laura Ingalls Wilder

More about the pioneer Ingalls children—this time about sod-house days in Minnesota. Illustrated. Ages 8 to 12. $2.00

WHEN THE WIND BLEW

By Margaret Wise Brown

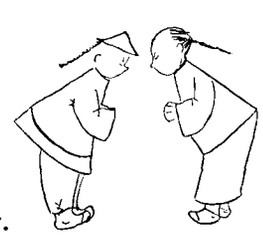
A most unusual story, with striking pictures in 4 colors by Rosalie Slocum. Ages 4 to 8. $1.50

DEFENSE OF THE CASTLE

By Albert I. Mayer, Jr. A rousing story for boys of life in the Tenth Century. Illustrated by Henry Pitz. $2.00

THE STORY OF LI-LO

By Ann Mersereau A funny story for grown-ups and children alike is this tale of the extraordinary dilemma in which a Chinese boy found himself. Illustrated in color. $1.00



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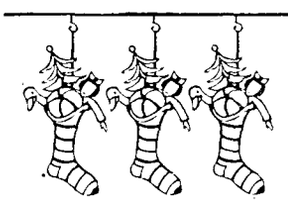

QUERCUS SAYS

☞The most attractive lot of little books for a Christmas stocking are the delightful miniature juveniles issued by that lively young firm Holiday House. In design, print, color-work and general make-up they are admirable.

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HOLIDAY HOUSE STOCKING BOOKS

HAVE YOU MET-

Noodle

by the author of FERDINAND

The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from page* 25)

the University of Chicago. "Diana Can Do It" (Houghton Mifflin: $2), by Theodora DuBois, is a story of boarding school. But, despite its dealing with the past, Lucile F. Fargo's "Prairie Girl" (Dodd, Mead: $2) seems to me to have just as much life as more modern stories. And for both boys and girls, "With Sword and Song," by Melrich Rosenberg (Houghton Mifflin: $2.25), is a particularly good tale of the Middle Ages with unusually beautiful color illustrations by Elinore Blaisdell.

Boys' Stories

An indication of modern times is a boys' story dealing with an early phase of Soviet Russia, in "The Spy Mystery," by S. S. Smith (Harcourt, Brace: $2). William Heyliger's "Wildcat" (Appleton-Century: $2) is an exciting tale of the Texas oil-fields—again the modern note. "Front Page Story," by Robert Van Gelder (Dodd, Mead: $2) and "Waterfront Beat," by Howard M. Brier (Random House: $1.50), are both tales by newspaper men that give you an inside view of modern journalism. And when James Willard Schultz writes an Indian story like "Stained Gold" (Houghton, Mifflin: $2), he is at home in the mining settlements and among the Indians with which he himself grew up. Ralph Henry Barbour's books to which we have already referred are both Appleton-Century at two dollars and entitled respectively "The School That Didn't Care" and "Three in a Trailer." And a woman, Lavinia Davis, from personal observation when on an assignment for *Fortune* Magazine, has written in "Skyscraper Mystery" (Scribners: $2) of a modern boy who works on the construction of a New York skyscraper. Certainly Alan Villiers is credentialled to tell of two real cadets on his sailing-ship, the *Joseph Conrad,* in "Stormalong" (Scribners: $1.75). And we might conclude our list neatly with the "Boys' Book of Flying: The Latest in the Air," by Charles Boff (Dutton: $2), well illustrated by photographs.

"Of course, in our day—!" I was going to say that of course in *my* day we were more interested in locomotives than in airplanes. We knew all the numbers of the railroad engines. But what is this! Rand McNally & Company supply this season "Portraits of the Iron Horse; The American Locomotive in Picture and Story," drawings by Otto Kuhler, story by Robert S. Henry, a big flat book for two dollars. So, after all, boys' main interests may not have changed such a great deal. The same old stuff of human life goes into the making of the best books for children as it does into the best books for adults, be they fact or fiction.

One of the most famous animals of contemporary juvenile literature is Babar, the elephant, the creation of Jean de Brunhoff, a French portrait painter. It is sad to be obliged to report that M. de Brunhoff died last month in Switzerland. His wife originally invented the stories and the artist afterward wrote them down and illustrated them. The four Babar books are published in this country by Random House.

HE challenged Byron to a duel—then became his lifelong friend . . .

Do you know that the man who wrote *Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms* was the highest paid poet of his day? . . . That he duelled with the critic Jeffrey and challenged Byron? . . . That he was the best friend of a famous Irish revolutionary? . . . That he is the only English poet who sang in company? . . . That he was the foremost political satirist of the Regency period? . . . That his slipshod business methods caused Byron's memoirs to be burned? . . . That he outlived his five children? . . . That some of his writing anticipated Gilbert and Sullivan, and that he is the author of one of the four or five great literary biographies in the English language? . . .

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

spite of his publishers' promise that "the slick commercialized plot" is missing from his pages, most of these plots are already at least familiar to commerce and the slicks. Though he manages his characters simply and unsentimentally, the impression he gives is of neatness and competence rather than anything more glowing. The shade of Henry James is often invoked, especially in the funeral of Christine, whose exit from society thus brilliantly confirmed the solidity of her hard won entrée, and again in the figure of Norton, the intelligent American who fell in love with the Pompadour. Yet in every case the echo serves only to recall James's superior emotional and intellectual force.

All in all, the "Pieces of a Fan" is as disappointing as "Sanfelice" to those who admire Mr. Sheean as a writer of observed rather than of imagined history.

K. S.

TO SEE OURSELVES. By Rachel Field and Arthur Pederson. Macmillan. 1937. $2.50.

Hollywood has had a pretty good airing in popular fiction, and this novel about a young Idaho couple who try to crash the studio gates is not very new; but it is handled with an engaging lack of pretension which makes it readable. Everything that happens to Ham and Dee Bosworth can be predicted in advance—the disappointments, the gradual undermining of high hopes; but Ham and Dee are an attractive young couple, presented with some of the same sympathy and insight that distinguished Thomas Bell's novel of a year ago, "All Brides Are Beautiful." In fact, the main trouble with "To See Ourselves" is that the young Bosworths are too intelligent to have gone to Hollywood without prospects. The book combines a good story of young married life with a mediocre story of the movie business.

G. S.

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and in this amazing book reveals the strange ethics of his profession; the talents required for picking pockets, shoplifting, the "shake," the con game; the operations of the "fix." No "personal confessions," but a ten-times-as-thrilling *factual account* of the most intellectual of all crimes! Annotated by the criminologist, EDWIN H. SUTHERLAND. At bookstores, $2.50

THE PROFESSIONAL THIEF

By a Professional Thief

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PERSONALS

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GUP, November brought Shantih. The meek shall inherit. S.

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F. R. A.—Please consult Webster for pronunciation of Bolingbroke.

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Double-Crostics: No. 190

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-W	2-B	3-C	4-P	5-X	■	6-J	7-W	8-H	9-T	10-D	■	11-L	12-T	■	13-K	14-U
15-B	16-X	17-R	■	18-R	19-M	20-A	■	21-L	22-U	23-M	24-Q	25-N	■	26-G	27-N	28-D
29-O	30-V	31-I	32-J	33-C	■	34-A	35-V	36-Y	■	37-I	38-S	39-X	40-Q	41-P	42-J	43-M
44-O	45-H	46-E	47-B	■	48-J	49-F	50-N	51-C	52-X	53-K	■	54-P	55-A	56-O	57-T	■
58-I	59-N	60-K	61-M	62-P	■	63-L	64-H	65-Q	66-P	67-C	68-W	69-D	70-Y	■	71-U	72-W
■	73-M	74-K	75-L	■	76-J	77-Y	78-L	79-G	■	80-A	81-S	■	82-E	83-G	84-K	85-I
86-Q	87-R	■	88-P	89-L	■	90-J	91-N	92-F	93-E	94-H	95-B	96-P	97-W	98-D	99-U	■
100-L	101-P	102-V	■	103-V	104-N	105-O	106-R	107-D	■	108-R	109-M	110-Q	111-U	112-S	113-X	114-R
■	115-C	116-A	117-V	118-T	119-O	■	120-R	121-I	122-F	123-Y	124-X	125-T	126-M	127-J	128-O	129-B
■	130-E	131-V	132-L	133-S	■	134-J	135-G	136-K	137-P	■	138-B	139-N	140-S	■	141-C	142-R
143-E	144-B	145-G	146-X	147-Q	148-H	■	149-O	150-L	151-A	152-Q	■	153-S	154-C	155-G	156-I	157-X
158-S	■	159-E	160-C	161-S	162-U	163-D	164-F	165-V	■	166-W	167-P	168-G	169-T	■	170-P	171-K
■	172-W	173-X	174-U	175-I	176-H	■	177-Y	178-O	■	179-Y	180-C	181-A	182-M	183-X	■	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 30 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Oval vase with narrow neck, and handles (Gr.).

B. Personification of divine retribution (Gr.).

C. End or aim of action.

D. Snared.

E. There.

F. Boundary mark.

G. Character in "Hamlet."

H. Planet discovered in 1781.

I. Checked in growth.

J. Ragged.

K. Elizabethan dramatist.

L. Demon of nightmare (Gr.).

M. Stockjobbing.

N. Hero of "La Boheme" (Puccini).

O. Character in "Parsifal" (Wagner).

P. Stupid, bungling fellow.

Q. Father of Prometheus (Gr.).

R. Offends.

S. Most stylish (slang).

T. Dwarfishness.

U. Poem by Whittier.

V. Needed thing come unexpectedly.

W. Musical consonance.

X. Quality of being soft or kind.

Y. Battle ending the German-Austrian War (1866).

WORDS

34 181 55 116 80 20 151

138 2 15 47 129 95 144

180 154 160 33 141 115 67 3 51

69 28 163 10 98 107

82 93 143 130 159 46

92 49 122 164

83 26 135 79 155 145 168

8 148 64 94 45 176

85 58 31 175 121 156 37

76 90 6 134 42 32 127 48

74 60 171 13 84 136 53

75 63 150 11 100 78 21 89 132

43 109 61 19 73 182 126 23

25 104 91 139 27 50 59

105 128 178 56 119 149 29 44

88 41 54 101 167 4 62 170 137 96 66

24 110 40 147 152 86 65

108 87 18 106 142 17 114 120

112 153 81 140 38 161 158 133

57 125 12 118 9 169

111 162 22 174 71 14 99

103 131 165 30 117 35 102

97 166 7 172 68 1 72

124 173 52 146 16 5 183 157 113 39

70 77 36 177 179 123

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WORDS

Bernard DeVoto said of reference books in the SRL:

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

Isaac Mendoza

THE death of Isaac Mendoza, who had sold books on Ann Street for just over 43 years, was a sad loss to the second-hand trade. The memorial service, held at the Riverside Funeral Chapel in New York City, on November 5, was attended by many booksellers, for no man in our business was more affectionately admired and respected. No one could know Isaac Mendoza without being aware of the qualities of generosity, wisdom, and granite integrity which lay beneath his kindly ways. He was beloved in private life as he was by all who frequented the famous old store at 15 Ann Street. Some of his friends, on the way to the service, were saying how usefully his truly noble sagacity and humankindness might have been employed on a larger, more public stage. What an ambassador he would have made, or senator, or head of a great college or corporation. And how he would have scoffed at any such suggestion: the restricted routine of the old book business, enlarged by the companionship of his sons as partners, gave him a life of happiness and quietly radiating influence. It moved sometimes into wide circles too: it is remembered that he had much to do with the beginning of the great Huntington Library; and Charles Goodspeed of Boston, in his newly published *Yankee Bookseller,* tells that it was Ike Mendoza's shrewd advice that helped to send Goodspeed into the book business where he has achieved such fine success. It is selfishly sad to think that our friend is gone, and all that knowledge, kindness, and charm and quiet strength now lost to us for always. But he has left behind him none but happy memories and the gratitude of all who knew him. We shall remember him, with Frank Doubleday and a few others, as one of the really big men of this era in the world of books. To his sons (Aaron, Mark, and David) who continue the business, *The Saturday Review* offers its fullest sympathy and all wishes for continuing happiness in the most essential industry of all—the traffic in books that have been published long enough for the world to know their merits.

☞The chief topic this week has been the notable and well deserved success of the National Book Fair, which in convenient space, variety and liveliness of display, and vast attendance, is even exceeding last year's gratifying popularity. ☞Q. is beginning to look round for his annual Xmas suggestions, off the beaten path. ☞For instance, the little Dent edition of T. L. Peacock, ¾ levant, London 1891, offered by the Chiswick Book Shop, 3 W. 51, at $2.50 per vol. ☞The Holliday Bookshop, 49 E. 49, has a very pleasant list of *100 Good Books,* older publications which are enduringly alive in that intelligent shop. ☞"Booksellers' catalogues," Mr. Goodspeed well says in his *Yankee Bookseller,*" are the tabloids of the book collector." ☞That vigorous magazine *Poetry,* founded and long edited by the late Harriet Monroe, is carrying on courageously; George Dillon, Pulitzer Prize-winner in 1931, has lately become editor, and the magazine is now in its largest circulation for some years. Miss Amy Bonner, 12 West 68 St., has been appointed *Poetry's* Eastern representative. ☞One of the ladies on the *SRL* staff, unfortunately in hospital for a fortnight, says she found lethe for her woes in Margery Allingham's *Dancers in Mourning.* What she particularly likes about Miss Allingham's detective Albert Campion is that he quotes Don Marquis's great line "If you've not got the temperament, philandering isn't pleasure." ☞Which was Don's comment—in *Famous Love Affairs*—on Lancelot and Guinevere. ☞Old Q. can't resist noting, for Children's Book Week, that G. A. Henty died on November 16, 1902. ☞We were delighted to hear from a caller in this office that another benefactor of our youth, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, is still in the best of health and spirits. Our visitor dined twice with the Jacobs in London recently, and found him much pleased to hear of his increasing esteem among collectors who really know their stuff. ☞Mr. Raymond Bond (of Dodd, Mead and Co.) deserves congratulation on the excellent work he has done in selecting the G. K. Chesterton Omnibus. Lucky the author who finds so intelligent an editor-publisher; they are fantastically rare. As an editor Mr. Bond chooses authors who are not easy to sift: his previous job in this line was Plutarch. ☞Our own outstanding impression of the G. K. C. material is how inevitably, when he came here as a touring lecturer, he saw (and was duly shocked by) the worst phases of America. ☞We doubt if any foreigner has ever seen the really characteristic and agreeable phases of American life; and the Duke of Windsor has been spared much dismay. ☞We are amused by a line quoted from Arnold Bennett in a Frank Hollings catalogue in London. A. B. wrote to remark that he had not read Powys's *Wolf Solent:* "It is very long and life is very brief." ☞Our cousin Harry Quercus in Chicago sends a clipping describing the renovations of the jolly old Edgewater Beach Hotel in that city. "A combination refrigerator and bookcase will be installed in all the suites." What confusion, cries Harry Q.: "Lamb and lamb, Bacon and bacon, Beer and beer—suppose you fry the uppercase one and read the other?"

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 189)

PARSONS—
"THE STREAM OF HISTORY"

The very words of history prevent a scientific detachment. They come to our minds trailing clouds of ancient passion and prejudice. . . . History is a science only in respect to a small substratum of demonstrable truth.

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